Heart Still Intact

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Heart Still Intact

by AndySimps

Summary

> “Yet you are the cause of my suffering,” Will replied, his eyes filling with tears. He gulped, swallowing a sob. “Let me go, Hannibal.”
>
> “You know I can’t do that, Will.”
>
> In which Will figures out the truth about Hannibal at the wrong time.
>
> A/N More tags will be added as the story progresses.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

Narcissus

The beams of sunlight invaded the house as soft pants echoed through the otherwise desolate household. Wrangled in sheets and drenched in sweat, the man twisted and turned in discomfort before he felt a cold yet wet feeling on his nose. Snapping his eyes open, Will's vision was immediately barraged by brown and black fur.

It took the man a few moments to bring himself back to his senses. Once he realised what had happened, Will gave out a shaky exhale. It was the usual nightmares that lingered for hours after opening his eyes. Deciding that staying in bed for a few more minutes didn't seem like a bad idea, Will simply lay in bed as Winston, his lovable dog, lay his head on his owner's chest.

The other dogs that lounged on their dog beds lunged toward Will after noticing the attention that Winston seemed to be receiving. Usually, Will had a strict no-bed policy for the dogs but seeing how the sheets needed a wash, Will pardoned their action as he simply let the dogs lay on his body. They gave the man the necessary grounding to keep him in the real world rather than let his mind drift off.

Eyes drifting to the alarm clock on his nightstand, he had never really used the alarm seeing as he always woke up before the time he set, Will let out a soft sigh before he ushered his dogs off the bed. Hannibal had tried to prescribe some sleeping pills but Will didn’t hesitate to voice out his reluctance. Sleeping pills made him groggy and numb. Wading through the bodies of fluff and excitement, Will reached for the multitude of locks on his main door as his hands moved with muscle memory.

Within a few seconds, he had unlocked everything and let his dogs out, giving them the exercise he so desperately needed. Drowsy because of the lack of proper sleep, Will forced his body to move as he pulled the sheets off his bed before tossing them into the laundry room. A chore for later.

Hands dropping from his face, Will stripped off the shirt that stuck to his body before he walked into his bathroom, in dire need of a cold shower. The cold water dragged the exhaustion off his body along with the sweat that enveloped him.

Carrying on with his usual routine, Will called all his dogs back with a sharp whistle and wiped their muddy paws on the rag near his door. Juggling the myriad of dog bowls, Will watched in amusement as the dogs sat next to each other, patiently waiting for him to feed them. Once he was done with his fluffy companions, Will couldn't bother with breakfast and merely opted for some coffee along with some aspirin.

Chugging the rest of his coffee, Will quickly hugged and kissed his army of dogs goodbye as he walked out of the house. The ride to Quantico was uneventful as always. It was before the morning rush and Will had no need to rush his journey. By usual standards, everything was going well.

Ignoring the migraine that seemed to be making its way, Will motioned the class to quiet down. When the chatters came to a stop, Will welcomed everyone back to class after the break. "Let's begin the semester with the blood spatter analysis." His voice echoed through the classroom.

Turning around to grab the clicker, Will flinched at the sound of the door being pushed open with unnecessary force. The loud banged echoed through the otherwise quiet classroom. Heads turned to the source of the sound. There, standing with an authority-screaming aura was Jack Crawford.

"Class dismissed," Jack spoke, his voice booming. There was a clear contrast between the professor's voice and the head of the BSU. Noticing that none of the students had moved, Jack began clapping his hands. "Well? Scram. Your lesson will be conducted on another day."

Will grimaced as the students scurried out one by one. He had almost forgotten that Jack had the tendency to interrupt his classes. "I was in the middle of teaching, Jack. I remember talking about how much I despise you barging in like that." Will began, irritation lacing his words.

"Will," Jack greeted. "I need you on a case-"

Instead of letting Jack continue, Will interrupted him feeling that it did justice for his interrupted class. "I also remember telling you that I was done with cases." Will chided, as he turned around to put back his teaching material into his messenger bag. "I'm sure there are other agents who are willing to help you."

"Will," Jack growled. "I'm not asking."

Eyebrows furrowing at the tone, Will spun around to meet Jack. The head of the BSU seemed troubled. Gripping his bag in anger, Will let out a soft exhale. "Jack, I can't. I told you that I won't be able to handle it all."

After being unable to save Abigail Hobbs from her father, Will decided that he couldn't cope with the stress and trauma so he pleaded with Jack to let him off. Of course, Jack was reluctant but he finally caved. Months passed as Will lived in peace without a call from anyone other than Alana, who called to check on him. Will should have realised that his peace was temporary.

"It's the Ripper."

At that, Will felt his composure crack. This was why Jack seemed unusual. He knew how badly the Chesapeake Ripper affected Jack and how desperate the man was to catch the Ripper. Helpless. That's what Will felt at this moment. Will knew that without his help, the Ripper had the chance to walk away without being caught. That the Ripper had the chance to hurt more people.

"Fine," Will caved as Jack let out an exhale in relief. "However, if I feel that I won't be able to handle things, let me walk away."

Will cringed at how weak he sounded but he had no choice. He needed to say this.

"Alright. I won't push you too far." Jack promised, his voice was sincere enough to make Will believe that Jack wasn't deceiving him. "I need to analyse the crime scene now."

Nodding, Will followed Jack out of the classroom. "How long since the last victim had been found?" Will asked, keeping up with the agent.

"Not long. The body was reported when the neighbour went around to see why the alarm had gone off. I've sent the team out and they say that it's the ripper but I need you to confirm that it is indeed the ripper." Jack began explaining the case. Every serial killer had some sort of MO or signature they liked to leave behind. While the Ripper had a multitude of them, one of them being the missing organs. Will's mind drifts to when there was a paramedic who harvested people's organs and was mistaken for the Ripper.

“Did you call Dr Lecter?” Will asked, his eyes travelling to Jack.

“Not yet,” Jack replied. “I need to make sure it's the Ripper and not a copycat.”

Jack had decided that it would be best that they carpooled to the crime scene. Will was partially grateful since he didn't feel like driving but he also knew that Jack had a hidden innuendo about this. If Will carpooled with Jack, he wouldn't be able to drive off when he pleased.

The drive wasn't that long and neither was it pleasant. There wasn't any problem with Jack's driving. The entire ride has been deadly quiet save for the steady thrum of the engine. The silence meant that Will had to find entertainment by himself which usually wouldn't be a problem, but this time, he feared that he would venture into the deepest part of the abyss that people call imagination.

Thanking whatever deity was above, Will quickly got out of the car and waited till Jack stood next to him. Taking in his surroundings, Will found himself staring at a house that cost more than Will could even bear to afford. It wasn't like Hannibal's house, which gave off more of a vintage yet comforting vibe. This house emanated a cold atmosphere. Almost like everything was for show.

Entering through the front entrance, Will immediately took in the surroundings. Picture frames of a man, whom Will assumed was the victim, were nailed onto the walls. Multitudes of awards were showcased on shelves along with a different variety of ornaments. The owner clearly had a need to show off his success. It was then that Will noticed that there wasn't a single picture or sign that showed that the victim lived alone.

"John Nichols," Jack said as he held the back door open for the profiler. "He was the owner of Nichols Pharmaceuticals."

Will frowned as he stepped out of the house. His eyes scanned the entire scene before him.

Suspended a few inches above the pool was the victim, John. He had been posed to face the water and his ribs seemed to have been cracked open. Upon closer inspection, Will noticed

that all the organs inside had been taken except for the heart which had been placed on the victim's back. The heart had been stuffed with different kinds of pills varying in both size and colour.

Ignoring the other officers in the area, Will roamed the edges of the pool, taking in every angle of the scene. Settling in the far corner of the pool, Will took in a deep breath and closed his eyes. The familiar feeling of a pendulum swinging filled Will's mind and he exhaled loudly.

The chatter of the police radios had died down and even the sound of footsteps slowly faded. Fluttering his eyes open, Will found himself staring at the empty pool. Flashes of a man being stabbed repeatedly came into vision. The sound of someone thrashing in the water was muffled by the screams. With the screams soon followed the sound of ribs cracking.

Snapping out of his trance, Will slowly whispers to himself, "This is my design."

Walking toward Jack, he simply stands there, listening to what Beverly and Brian had to say. Will didn't mind the team's presence. After the first case, Will had been particularly fond of Beverly who was the only person who didn't pity Will. In fact, Beverly's presence helped Will to be at ease since he knew he wouldn't be judged or psychoanalysed.

Beverly went through everything they had found which was almost the same details Will had discovered. It was surely the Ripper and Will had no need to confirm it. Jack had already come to the conclusion by himself.

"I wonder why he went so far as to suspend the body when he could have just dumped it in the pool," Beverly spoke aloud.

"The water would ruin the art," Will replied, a grim expression taking over his features. He could feel the other's eyes on him and he regretted opening his mouth.

"Well," the voice of Jimmy, the other member of the team, gained everyone's attention. "The victim was stabbed in the bathroom and drowned in the tub before being gutted. The killer then went so far as to pose him in such a way before triggering the alarm system."

"Why trigger the alarm?" Brian asked, confusion masking the atmosphere.

"Check if Nichols was going away on vacation or anything that would have given people the excuse of not looking for him," Jack instructed one of the officers nearby. "Did you identify the murder weapon?"

"We still didn't get to analyse the body properly but I found traces of blood on some of the awards that are displayed," Jimmy informed pointing towards the entrance of the house.

"Someone literally stabbed Nichols with his ego." "Beverly muttered, causing Will to widen his eyes.

"Narcissus," Will muttered. He looked around to find everyone staring at him in confusion. Sighing softly, the professor began elaborating. "Narcissus is a figure from Greek mythology

who was so impossibly handsome that he fell in love with his own image reflected in a pool of water. The victim is posed to resemble the painting 'Narcissus' by Carravagio."

"Why in god's name did you know that?" Beverly asked, awe riddled in her words. Turning to face Beverly, they both shared a brief moment of eye contact before Will immediately looked down.

Will simply shrugged before turning his gaze back to the pool.

Knowing he wouldn't be very useful for the rest of the procedure, Will simply hung around in the corner, watching everything that happened around him. His attention was then focused on the CSI taking the body down. The way the knots had been tied was particularly interesting.

Instead of simply tieing the body from the wrists and ankles, the Ripper had gone so far as to tie intricate-looking knots onto every extending limb. From the wrist to the shoulder and the ankle to the thigh. Totally focused on the scene in front of him, Will hadn't noticed Jack creeping up on him until he felt a hand on his shoulder.

Feeling his soul jumping out of his skin, Will jerked around before cursing himself for letting his guard down like that. He could tell that Jack seemed disturbed by his reaction.

"We can leave now," Jack simply said before he turned around, motioning Will to follow suit. Hands resting on his messenger bag, Will quickly followed the older man.

The ride back to Quantico was as tense as it was to the crime scene but this time, Will had something to think about. The knots. To the untrained eye, they would seem like something to forget about but Will knew that there seemed to be some hint behind the way the victim had been strung up.

"The knots," Will muttered as he got down from the car. This got Jack's attention as this was the first time Will had spoken for the past two hours.

"What about the knots?"

"They seemed different to the other cases where he tied the victims," Will explained as he came to a stop. "Ask Beverly to email the pictures to me," Will said as he turned around to where his car was parked.

"Won't you stay longer?"

"Call me if you find anything new," Will simply answered as he walked towards his car. He didn't need to look back to know that Jack was still watching him. He had no reason to linger when he could be doing the same thing in the comfort of his home.

As Will drove home, he got the sudden urge to call Hannibal and tell him about what he had discovered today. If Will did so, he would have to explain to Hannibal why he had agreed to analyse a crime scene when it wasn’t good for his mental stability. Usually, Will would be quite wary of therapists but he couldn’t help but feel drawn to Hannibal; almost like a moth

to a flame. Will decided to bring it up during their next appointment.

Da Vinci

Chapter Summary

> "You're heading home?" Beverly asked as she took a sip of her coffee. Will nodded. He was utterly exhausted and couldn't wait to collapse on his bed. He'd probably let his dogs sleep with him, craving the warmth their bodies emitted.
>
> "I saw you were getting chummy with Dr Lecter," Beverly spoke, her eyebrows wiggling suggestively. She burst out in laughter at the baffled look on Will's face.
>
> "I'm too tired for this," Will replied before he walked away. He frowned when he could still hear Beverly's cackling.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

It was his cell phone that woke him. The shrill ring rang through the house, awakening and frightening the dogs. Still half asleep, Will glanced at his alarm clock before roughly stumbling out of bed. He was preparing to curse the hell out of whoever was calling at one in the morning. Muttering a few comforting words towards the dogs, Will went in search of his phone. He could hear the sound of a few footsteps but he disregarded them to answer the phone. Not bothering to check the caller ID, Will answered the call, bringing it to his ear. Just as he was about to start going on about what time it was when he heard the familiar and always polite voice of Hannibal.

"Will?" Hannibal answered, his voice laced with concern and some other emotion Will couldn't comprehend, his mind still not fully awake.

Finally realising that he has to answer, Will shook away his surprise. "Dr Lecter? Is everything alright?"

"I am terribly sorry for the late call, but Agent Crawford requires our assistance." Hannibal began explaining. *"A body has been found and he has asked us to be there as soon as possible."*

Sighing in relief, Will felt himself calm down.

"I thought something had happened to you," Will finally answered.

"I can see why you thought that but I assure you, I am not in any danger," Hannibal replied.

Sensing the urgency in his voice, Will decided to end the conversation. "Text me the location and I'll be there as soon as possible."

"Of course," Hannibal answered before ending the call.

Dropping his phone, Will sighed heavily before turning around to be met with all his dogs staring at him curiously. Giving them a light smile, Will patted the heads of a few dogs before he went to get changed. A few minutes later, he heard his phone go off.

As Will was buttoning his shirt, he glanced at his phone, his eyes falling onto the message sent by Hannibal.

5904 York Rd, Baltimore. The Senator Theatre. Drive safely.

- HL

Typing up a quick response, Will continued to get dressed before heading towards his car. Usually, he would be irritated by Jack's late-night calls about a crime scene but at this point, Will was just going to endure it rather than complain. Focusing on his driving, made his way to the address sent by Hannibal.

The drive was long and yet calming. There wasn't a soul on the roads- excluding the occasional cars.. Will simply took advantage of the silence, his eyes never leaving the road. He kept thinking about the crime scene he analysed two days ago. If Jack was being as persistent as Hannibal suggested, then he was sure that the crime scene he was driving would also belong to the Ripper. It was unusual for the Ripper to kill so quickly. His sounders usually occurred in lengthy intervals. Not only is this out of his MO, he's also been changing his method, Subtly, yet drastically noticeable to Will.

The sudden decrease in time after each kill indicated that the Ripper was either preparing for something or was simply changing his ways. Whatever he was up to would always result in more bodies.

As Will got closer and closer to the theatre, he could see the numerous police vehicles along with some SUVs parked. The bright blue and red lights were a sight Will always detested. Parking his car, Will began walking up to the crime scene tape that was placed a few metres aways from the entrance of the theatre. Flashing his credentials to the cops standing, Wills walked towards the entrance only to be met with an angry-looking Jack. From the look on his face, Will could tell that he was about to get yelled at. In fact, he braced himself for the yelling that was about to follow.

"What the hell took you so long?" Jack started, his voice raising with every word that was spoken.

Simply sighing, Will looked at his watch. “Jack, I had to drive for an hour. I also had to get dressed. It wasn’t like you expected me to just walk in with my pyjamas on.”

Will could have made the journey in forty-five minutes if he really wanted to but he was a sleep deprived person who was running on simply coffee and cereal for the past few days. He didn’t want to risk driving off a bridge or something. Part of Will knew that they were on a time crunch since the Ripper’s kills seemed to be escalating, but he still didn't want to lose his life by speeding.

Just as Jack opened his mouth to continue the argument, Will interrupted him. “This is going to go nowhere. Let's just go in and see what's going on.”

Huffing in anger, Jack simply turned around and walked in. Rubbing his eyes in exhaustion, Will followed. Just as he entered the hall, Will’s attention was immediately caught by the body that was suspended in the air. Once again, it was evident that the Ripper had gone to great lengths to pose the body in various ways.

Stopping to study the scene, Will’s eyes flitted across the entire stage. The body was hovering a few feet above the stage, a large metal hoop encircling the corpse. A few extra limbs were attached to the body. The body was splayed open, almost similar to how Nichols was. From a distance, it was visible that some of the organs were missing.

Closing his eyes Will let the pendulum swing.

The soft melody of a piano reached his ears. The song was so peaceful, it could replace a mother's lullaby. The music got louder and louder before they were replaced with the bloody curdling screams of a man. Sudden visions of limbs twisting in unholy ways as the man's face contorted into a myriad of expressions. Opening his eyes, Will stared directly into the corpse's eyes. Will was instantly able to recognise where the Ripper may have gotten the inspiration from.

“The Vitruvian Man,” an accented voice interrupted Will’s train of thought. Looking at the source, he found himself staring at a dressed-down Hannibal. Well, dressed down when compared to Hannibal's usual attire. He simply wore a light blue sweater, the collar of a dress

shirt peeking from the neckline, along with some brown pants. “I hope the drive wasn’t too much of an inconvenience.” Hannibal continued as he made his way towards Will.

“Quite the opposite, actually,” Will answered, his eyes travelling to the corpse. “He’s basing his killings off famous artwork. First Carravagio and now Da Vinci. Next thing you know, we’re looking at the Ripper’s rendition of the Whistler’s Mother.”

Standing next to him, Hannibal hummed in reply. “Is painting another hidden hobby of yours?”

“Not exactly,” Will answered, softly smiling before he continued. “My mother was a painter. I simply like to appreciate art.”

“Shall we?” Hanibal spoke, his hand gesturing to where Jack and the rest of the team were. Will nodded before they wordlessly made their way to the head of the BSU.

“So, what do you think?” Jack asked once he noticed the duo walking towards the, He seemed to have cooled down and was more collected.

“When was the body found?” Will asked, his eyes briefly meeting an equally exhausted Beverly.

“The call was made at around 12.30 am,” Beverly answered. “Judging from the state of the body, he was killed no more than six hours ago. We’ve also ID’d the victim.”

“That was fast,” Will muttered.

“He was easy to find,” Zeller answered. “Meet Kyle Rodriguez, a famous contortionist. He was reported missing three days ago by his team.”

“Well that makes sense,” Hannibal spoke, his gaze falling on Will and then the corpse.

Hannibal, Will and Beverly answered at once. “The Vitruvian Man.”

Making eye contact with Beverly, Will scrunched up his eyebrows when Beverly stared back with a smug look on her face. “You’re not the only one who knows their artwork, pretty boy.”

Will felt his face heat up with embarrassment when everyone, except Jack, chuckled in amusement. He could feel Hannibal staring at him but Will chose to look away, opting to stare at the dead corpse instead.

"He's escalating," Will commented, his comment gaining everyone's attention.

"It's the Ripper then?" Jack asked.

Will looked back at Jack. "Yes."

"Wrap everything up," Jack hollered, causing everyone in the room to quicken their pace. Will and Hannibal stood in the corner of the hall, watching as all the agents and officers busied themselves with whatever task was assigned to them.

“Once again, I apologise if I may have startled you with my call,” Hannibal spoke, breaking the silence between them. “I just thought it would be better if I was the one that made the call and not Agent Crawford.”

“It’s quite alright. I’m glad it was you that called and not Jack.” Will waved off, his shoulders relaxing. After a few beats of silence, Will spoke again. "Aren't you going to berate me for taking up cases?" Will asked, his body leaning against the wall behind him.

"You should have told me," was all Hannibal said, his voice soft and calm.

"I was going to. I was going to tell you during our next meeting." Will frowned, his head slightly turning to face Hannibal.

"And how are you doing? It's been a few days since your recent case." Hannibal asked, his tone comforting and filled with concern.

"I've been keeping myself busy. I surprised the students with a test yesterday and they didn't seem to like that," Will answered, an amused smile replacing the frown on his face.

"It seems their professor is keeping them on their toes," Hannibal mused, his eyes crinkling in humour.

"I didn't want them to forget their lessons." Was all Will mumbled before they were interrupted by a startled yell.

One of the people tasked with getting the body down had let go of the rope, causing the body to slam hard into the ground. Will turned to face the noise, only to find himself staring at the ropes that were tied onto the corpse. It was the same kind of knot that was used on Nichols' body.

"The knots," Will mumbled.

"Pardon?" Hannibal questioned, his gaze following that of Wills.

"Nevermind," Will answered as he shook his head.

……

It was now five in the morning and most of the officers had left. This meant that the BSU was finally allowed to leave as well.

"Email all the pictures you took and any additional details," Will requested before stifling a yawn.

"You're heading home?" Beverly asked as she took a sip of her coffee. Will nodded. He was utterly exhausted and couldn't wait to collapse on his bed. He'd probably let his dogs sleep with him, craving the warmth their bodies emitted.

"I saw you were getting chummy with Dr Lecter," Beverly spoke, her eyebrows wiggling suggestively. She burst out in laughter at the baffled look on Will's face.

"I'm too tired for this," Will replied before he walked away. He frowned when he could still hear Beverly's cackling. Walking out of the theatre, he met Jack and Hannibal.

"Going home?" Jack asked, stopping his conversation with Hannibal.

"I'm not needed here anymore. Call me if there's anything else I can do, but try not to." Will answered, his eyes threatening to shut.

"I shall also take my leave," Hannibal spoke. Although an unusual look on the doctor, it was evident that Hannibal was also exhausted.

"We'll contact you if there is anything," Jack answered back before parting ways with the profiler and psychiatrist.

"Shall we?" Will asked, gesturing to the streets. The two of them made their way towards Will's car, the closest to the theatre.

Standing next to it, Will couldn't control himself as he broke out into a yawn. Rubbing his eyes, Will muttered a soft 'sorry' before fishing out his keys.

"I don't believe it's quite safe for you to drive in this condition," Hannibal spoke, his frown deepening when Will waved him off.

"I'll be fine."

"My house is much closer. You are more than welcome to get a few hours of rest before you head back." Hannibal suggested.

Will simply shook his head. "I left the dogs alone. I need to get back."

"Alright then," Hannibal paused for a moment before continuing. "How about a cup of coffee before you leave? That should help with the long drive home?"

It was Will's turn to frown. "I don't want to bother you. I'll be able to man-"

"Please, I insist. It would be rude of me not to help in any way." Hannibal interrupted. It was something he wouldn't usually do. Will could easily tell that Hannibal was not comfortable with Will driving in this condition.

All Will could do was sigh in defeat. The sound of coffee seemed enticing so Will, reluctantly, agreed. "Alright then. Lead the way, Doctor."

Will would end up regretting his decision.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading!

If you require more context, google 'The Vitruvian Man'.

The Great Epiphany

Chapter Summary

> “How has your sleep been like?” Hannibal spoke, dragging Will out of his reverie.
>
> “Are you asking as a friend or therapist?” Will retorted, a smile indicating that his words held no fire.
>
> “I’ll be whatever you need me to be. My concern for you will be the same regardless of your answer.” Hannibal answered, his face mimicking Will's.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Hannibal ended up driving as Will followed in his own car. The drive was quick, not more than ten minutes passed when Will began seeing Hannibal’s driveway. Just as Will was about to exit his car, his phone dinged before the screen turned black.

“Great,” Will muttered as he tried to switch it back on. Huffing in frustration, Will tossed it into his glovebox before stepping out of his car. Hannibal had already made his way to his front door, patiently waiting for Will. Will quickly walked towards Hannibal who was holding open the door for him.

“Your coat?” Hannibal asked after closing the door behind him. Will shrugged his coat off, gently handing it over to Hannibal who then placed it on the fancy coat hanger. “I’ll start on the coffee. You’re more than welcome to sit in the living room unless you wouldn’t mind keeping me company in the kitchen?”

“I’ll join you,” Will answered, not feeling very comfortable sitting in silence.

“As you wish,” Was all Hannibal said before he walked deeper into the house.

It wasn’t Will’s first time inside Hannibal’s house but it still felt wrong, as if he was intruding in Hannibal’s private space. Will followed behind Hannibal, not leaving more than four feet between them. The interior of the house almost seemed to reflect Hannibal’s personality. Unlike Will’s house, the place was more organised. The decor was elegant, and neatly placed in places that seemed almost perfect. Tiny trinkets lay on the stands, almost as if they had been made to be placed there. The soft lighting gave all the rooms an equally warm and comforting ambience.

“How has your sleep been like?” Hannibal spoke, dragging Will out of his reverie.

“Are you asking as a friend or therapist?” Will retorted, a smile indicating that his words held no fire.

“I’ll be whatever you need me to be. My concern for you will be the same regardless of your answer.” Hannibal answered, his face mimicking Will's.

“A friend.”

“Then, I’m asking as a friend,” Hannibal said as he placed two cups on the counter.

“In that case, my sleeping schedule has been as it always has. I’ve been getting as little sleep as humanely possible.” Will spoke as he leaned towards the counter. The counters were a white, almost grey, colour that was made of marble. They were cool to the touch.

“I wish you would take the pills I prescribed.” Hannibal chided, his head tilting to the side as he looked at Will.

“Now that's not what a friend would say,” Will spoke with an exhausted grin on his face. Hannibal simply stared at him with a deadpan expression on his face. Instead of letting Hannibal reply, Will continued speaking. “The case has been keeping me up, well along with the nightmares. There's this one thing I can’t seem to understand.”

“May I help you with that?” Hannibal asked, referring to the case but Will could tell he meant with the nightmares as well. Will simply decided to think that Hannibal only meant about the case.

“Alright but since you’ve been helping me, anything I can do to help?” Will asked, his hands gesturing to the coffee that Hannibal was now brewing.

“If you insist, do grab a spoon from the cabinet and the condensed milk from the refrigerator,” Hannibal requested. “There should be a glass bottle labelled.”

“Sure,” Will answered before asking his way to grab a spoon. “The Ripper’s been using these particular knots recently. He started with Nichols and I noticed the same knots on Rodriguez today.”

“I didn’t pay attention to the knots,” Hannibal confessed, his eyebrows furrowing as if he tried to remember what knot was used. “But if they are something noteworthy, I shall take your word.”

“Well, after the Nichols case, I asked Beverly to email the pictures and with a bit of googling, I found out that they are called the Butcher’s Knot,” Will answered as he handed the spoon to Hannibal.

“It got me thinking as to why the Ripper suddenly changed the knot.” Will continued as he made his to the refrigerator. “Now, in previous murders, the Ripper never bothered to use any particular knot when it came to tying his victims but since he’s also escalating, this may be his way…”

Will trailed off as he browsed the contents of the fridge, eyes falling on the condensed milk. On the shelf above it, there was a platter of meat. He couldn’t tell what sort of meat it was but he recognised the knots. They were the same kind used by the Ripper. The realisation hit Will like a ton of bricks.

Oh.

Oh.

Will couldn’t help but freeze in terror. Snapping out of his fear, Will grabbed the condensed milk and shut the refrigerator door.

Will almost yelped when he turned around to find Hannibal right next to him.

“Is everything okay?” Hannibal asked, his voice laced with concern and confusion. “You don’t look well,” Hannibal mumbled as his hand reached over to Will’s forehead.

“Y-yeah. I’m fine,” Will answered, his voice betraying him. He handed the bottle to Hannibal who simply stared at Will. Gone was the warmth behind those eyes. “It’s nothing. I just remembered that I left my phone in my car. Let me go and get it.”

Will tried to avoid running as he slowly began walking out of the kitchen. He heard Hannibal sigh loudly. “Will.”

There seemed to be regret hidden in Hannibal's voice. He knew. Hannibal knew that he knew. This sent Will into a frenzy as he began running to the exit. He could hear Hannibal’s hurried footsteps but Will didn’t dare turn back. For some unknown reason, Will had decided to leave his gun at home and he didn’t even have his phone.

Hands digging into his pockets, Will pulled out his keys and grabbed ahold of the entrance door. Will never got the chance to open the door when he was slammed into it by Hannibal. Any thought of reasoning slipped Will’s mind as he thrashed around, desperately trying to break from Hannibal's grip.

“Will,” Hannibal growled, his hands tightening around Will's shoulders, trying his best to subdue the smaller man. “Stop moving.”

Will obviously didn't listen to Hannibal as he finally managed to rip the man's hands off him. Knowing that the entrance door was out of option, Will raced to the kitchen where they had just been. Instead of heading straight towards to back door, Will moved towards the counter which held the many kitchen knives used by Hannibal. Just as Will grabbed the largest knife, Hannibal came into the kitchen, a furious look on his face.

Instead of charging at Will, Hannibal simply stared at Will. It was then that Will noticed the syringe in Hannibal's hand. Whatever fear he had increased by ten as his hands trembled. He was no longer sleepy. The adrenaline coursing through his veins caused his heart to thump loudly against his chest. His hands tightened against the handle of the knife, lifting the weapon in front of him.

"Hannibal," Will spoke, his voice trembling. He didn't know what to say. He really didn't want to hurt him and Will knew that Hannibal could easily overpower him.

"Will," Hannibal answered back. The comfort that Will usually felt when hearing Hannibal's voice was now replaced with a cold reminder that everything was a lie. All the words that Hannibal had ever spoken were always veiled with deception, yet Will believed them as if they were gospel. Laced with fear, Will felt ashamed as he was easily deceived.

Will predicted that Hannibal would begin to ridicule him, mocking how Will had easily fallen into the trap that Hannibal easily laid. What he didn't expect was Hannibal to change his cold gaze to a look of concern. "I don't want to hurt you, Will," Hannibal spoke, his voice so sincere that Will almost let his guard down. *Almost.*

When Will didn't seem to show any sign of giving up, Hannibal raised his hands, in an attempt to show Will that he really meant what he said. This confused Will. The Ripper is known for his psychopathic tendencies. He shouldn't show emotion. He shouldn't be so kind and comforting.

Distracted by his dilemma, Will felt the hold of his hand on the knife loosen as he fought with his thoughts. A million things ran through his head. Pieces of the puzzle kept fitting before they simply morphed into something else. Caught up in his head, Will didn't notice when Hannibal slowly moved towards him, his movement resembling that of a predator stalking its prey.

Just as Will came back to reality, Hannibal lunged towards him. The knife lay forgotten on the flow as Will struggled to get the upper hand. Straddling the profiler, Hannibal pinned Will’s neck down, applying pressure. Will’s hands flew to Hannibal's wrists, clawing at them in a desperate attempt to get them to loosen.

Trying his best to breathe, Will gave up on trying to remove the hands pinning him down and clutched onto Hannibal's sweater. It was at this moment that Will realised that fighting would get him nowhere. With no other option, Will resorted to begging.

“Hannibal, please,” Will choked out, tears springing from the side of his eyes. There was a flash of unrecognisable emotion in Hannibal's eyes. Now that Will was on the brink of unconsciousness, Hannibal used one hand to pin the profiler down while using the other to uncap the syringe.

“You’ll be alright.” That was all Hannibal said as he brought up the syringe.

Will tried to struggle out of his grip. His attempts were futile. He was going to die here. Wincing at the prick on the side of his neck, the last thing Will saw was Hannibal looking down at him, a look of regret evident in his eyes. The last thing he heard was even worse.

“I’ll take care of you.”

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading!

If there are any questions, don't hesitate to comment below.

Mans Best Friend

Chapter Summary

> “Why?” Will whispered, his voice filled with fear and betrayal.
>
> “I don’t like to see you get hurt.” Was all Hannibal said as he watched Will's eyes slowly shut.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

This isn’t what Hannibal expected. This was not the way he wanted Will to find out but there was no use crying over spilt milk. The doctor was quite surprised at the strength of the profiler but then again, it wasn’t in Will’s nature to go down without a fight. Hannibal wasn’t lying when he said he had no intention of hurting Will.

Hannibal watched for a few minutes as Will lay on the ground of his kitchen. His face was void of any stress or wrinkle. Sighing deeply, he picked Will up. The man was lighter than expected. Hannibal made a mental note to talk to him about that. Hannibal knew he had to move quickly. Fortunately, everyone believes that Will had parted from Hannibal which makes it easy to remove any connection to Will’s disappearance. All Hannibal has to do is find a way to dispose of Will’s car.

The first thing Will noticed was the soft pillow that was under his head. It was then that he felt the thundering pain in his head. Letting out a soft groan, Will rubbed his eyes, slowly lifting himself into a sitting position. The room was pitch black. Not a single beam of light, other than the light from the gaps in the door, entered the room. Breathing heavily, Will tried to remember where he was. It was at this moment when all the memories hit him like a truck.

Filled with panic, Will quickly stood up from the bed. He ran towards the door. Just as he reached it, something pulled at his left ankle. Will fell to the floor with a loud ‘thud’. Dazed at what had just happened, Will reached towards his ankle. Whatever panic he was feeling doubled as he felt some sort of cuff wrapped around his ankle. Feeling the material of whatever was tied to him, Will felt the cold surface of metal chains. He was chained to the bed. He was chained.

Will felt his lungs shrink as he couldn’t breathe. Whatever reasoning in his mind left as he felt the panic settle deep in his chest. Clawing at the cuff, Will didn’t care that his nails were scratching his skin. Muttering an endless mantra of “no no no no”, Will tried his best to get

the cuff off him. Too immersed in his panic, Will didn't hear the door open but flinched when the room was suddenly filled with light.

Feeling a rush of fear, Will scrambled to his feet as he backed away from the door. There, in all his glory, was Hannibal. He had changed his clothing from what Will remembers- now wearing a simple dress shirt and slacks.. When Hannibal started walking, Will pressed back into the wall, as if trying to phase through the wall. Once Hannibal noticed, he stopped moving. His eyes moved towards Will's now bleeding ankle.

"Will," Hannibal tried calling out to him. "You've injured yourself."

Will tried his best to calm down. Having a panic attack wasn't in his best interest. Unfortunately for Will, he couldn't calm himself when the threat was in the room. When the person who would usually help him through his panic attacks was the reason for the panic.

Hannibal noticed that Will wasn't paying attention. The young profiler's eyes were covered in a light fog as if lost in his head. Knowing that no good would come from this, Hannibal reached into his pocket, pulling out a similar syringe he had used earlier in the day. The only difference was that it was a much lighter dose than what he had used earlier. Walking towards Will. Hannibal managed to catch the profiler's attention.

Will looked up at Hannibal who was now walking towards him. The panic increased as he looked around, desperately trying to find anything to use as a weapon. Alas, Will could find nothing. Will wasn't even able to try and move since he was in the middle of a dresser and the bed. Just as Will began thrashing, Hannibal pulled on the chain attached to Will's leg. This took the profiler by surprise as he fell to the floor for the second time.

Flipping Will on his stomach, Hannibal grabbed Will's hands and pinned them behind his back before sticking the needle to the back of Will's neck. Since the dose was milder than the one used before, it took a few minutes to do its job. In that few minutes, Will decided to speak for the first time since he woke up.

"Why?" Will whispered, his voice filled with fear and betrayal.

"I don't like to see you get hurt." Was all Hannibal said as he watched Will's eyes slowly shut.

When Will wakes up for the second time, he simply stares at the ceiling. The room wasn't completely dark. A night lamp had been switched on, barely illuminating the room but Will decided that it was better than nothing. After what seemed like an eternity, Will finally lifted himself into a sitting position, his eyes falling onto the cuff which was now on his right leg.

Upon further inspection, Will found that his left leg had been neatly bandaged. Reaching over to his left ankle Will let out a panicked yelp when the silence was shattered by Hannibal's voice.

"I wouldn't do that, Will." Hannibal's accented voice cut through the silence. "If you continue to hurt yourself, I will have to restrain your hands."

He had been sitting in the corner of the room, legs crossed and hands neatly placed on his knees, barely visible due to the poor lighting. Will was tempted to try and tug at the cuff, just to see what reaction he would illicit from Hannibal but he valued his life. Will realised that he wasn't panicking like was before, probably because he was still addled to whatever was injected into him. He decided that panicking wasn't going to get him anywhere. Taking in a deep breath, Will decided to overcome his fear and get some questions answered.

"How long have I been out?" Will asked, his voice coming out weak. He stared right into Hannibal's eyes, watching as the doctor simply uncrossed his legs.

"15 hours," Hannibal answered before giving further detail. "You woke up for less than 10 mins, five hours ago but had to be sedated again."

"I remember," Will muttered, flashbacks of his panic crossing his mind. It was then that Will remembered his furry companions. He hoped Hannibal had at least fed them."What about my dogs?"

"I haven't touched them."

This was when the long-forgotten panic resurfaced. His dogs had been alone for nearly a day, with no food. Will felt all the air in his body leave as he began hyperventilating. Pushing himself off the bed, Will wobbled for a second before he held onto the bedpost for support. Hannibal was now standing, moving closer to Will but the latter ignored him.

"They haven't been fed in over 20 hours. They don't like to stay alone for that long." Will blurted, his eyes widening with each word. Looking at Hannibal, Will's face resigned to a look of desperation. "Please. Don't make them suffer because of me."

Hannibal simply stared at Will. He knew he would need to do something about the dogs. In an instant, Hannibal came up with a plan that would not only benefit Will and his dogs but also himself.

"Before I do anything, I would like for you to calm down," Hannibal advised. He gestured for Will to sit on the bed and Will obeyed. Hannibal remained standing, giving Will some space. "If we want this to work, then you're going to have to comply. I will feed the dogs and send a message to your neighbour, asking them to take care of the dogs. In return, I want you to stop fighting, to try and listen to what I have to say."

Will frowned as he listened to each and every word, trying to find any form of deception in Hannibal's voice. "So, you're asking me to choose between my need for freedom and that of my dogs' wellbeing?" Will asked, a humourless smile taking over his frown.

"In a way," Hannibal replied. He was surprised that Will was even considering throwing his life away for the sake of his dogs. The young profiler never ceased to surprise Hannibal.

Will was given an opportunity to choose between his dogs and himself. It was his fault he is here. His dogs have nothing to do with Will's actions. Will swore to protect his dogs and he'd rather die than see anything happen to them. "Alright. Feed them and text my neighbour,

Claire. Tell her that I’m going away for a few days because of an emergency. She’ll understand. I’ll do whatever you want after that.”

Hannibal simply nodded before speaking. “You do realise that this will not help with your disappearance? Agent Crawford will simply think you’ve run off and they’ll never think that you are being held hostage.”

Will was faced with the reality that they could never tie his disappearance to Hannibal since Will had told Jack and Beverly that he was heading home. Hannibal could simply say that they parted ways and he hasn't seen Will since.

Will's vision was suddenly blurred as tears filled his eyes. Will brought his hands up to his face, hiding his face. "I know," Will mumbled. "Feed the dogs."

A few beats of silence.

"As you wish." That was all Hannibal said before he walked towards the door. "I shall bring some food for you and then I shall head to your house."

"No," Will called out, causing Hannibal to stop. "Take care of the dogs first. I won't eat until I know they have."

Hannibal seemed to take in his words, ready to refuse. Will hasn't had anything to eat in over a day but he knew Will wouldn't eat unless Hannibal took care of his dogs.

Will watched as Hannibal walked out, closing the door behind him. His heart seemed to break as he heard the ominous 'click' of the lock. All he had now was time. Time to think.

Chapter End Notes

This chapter is a little short but here ya go.

Thanks for reading!

Unannounced Visits

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

There wasn't a clock in the room. The windows had been covered with thick curtains, not giving Will a glimpse of the outside world. He had tried to move them but the chain wasn't long enough. All Will had was Hannibal's word that nearly 20 hours had passed since he was knocked out. Last he checked the time, it was 5 am, meaning that it was now around one in the morning.

Will had tested the limits of the chain, making sure not to injure himself this time. He was given access to the door and the bathroom. Because of the chain, he was unable to close the bathroom door, a slight gap was left.

Will had more than enough time to think about his current situation. It would take people days to realise that Will was actually missing. Now that his neighbour was going to get the text that he was leaving for a few days, it would postpone any alerts. Will hoped that Jack and the others would know that Will would never just leave the dogs for a long time.

Part of him was angry that he couldn't see through Hannibal's guise sooner. He had been looking for the Ripper when he was right in front of him. Hidden behind a mask of politeness and elegance was the true monster. A monster Will confided in.

If Will wanted to escape from Hannibal, he would have to take Hannibal off-guard. The Ripper is known to be very methodical when it comes to his work. The fact that Hannibal had taken everything into account showed that he can adapt quickly. The only problem was that Will didn't understand why he was still alive. It would have been quite easy for Hannibal to just end Will's life and dispose of the body. He would have just been another victim of the Ripper. But for some twisted reason, Will was still alive, chained to a bed with no possibility of escape.

Time passed by. Will had no idea how long he had been alone. He had to restrain himself from falling asleep. Whatever Hannibal had injected into him was still in his system, slightly numbing his brain. Will's head slowly leaned to the side, his eyes closing. Just as he was about to drift to dreamless sleep, the doorknob rattled, jerking Will awake. Mind on full alert, he scooted back into the bed frames, cautious eyes staring straight at the door.

Once the door opened, Hannibal walked in. His face was neutral as always. He took slow steps as if reminding Will that Hannibal didn't mean any harm. Will watched as Hannibal sat on the edge of the bed, making no further signs of moving closer. Neither decided to speak, letting the silence engulf the room. Will took this moment to finally look at Hannibal. Yes, Will had been staring at Hannibal this entire time, but he wasn't looking.

Gone was the mask of politeness, the person shed like a snakeskin. Now, Will could see the cold and calculating eyes of a man that has managed to evade the authorities by manipulating them like a marionette. Gone was the concerning psychiatrist, now replaced with a man that

wouldn’t hesitate to kill another. He had been standing right in front of Will for so long, yet for his own selfish reasons, Will chose to ignore him.

“What now?” Will asked, his voice quiet but loud enough for Hannibal to hear him. Will feared the answer. He had given his word that he will comply, yet, a small part of him didn't want to give up so easily.

“We move,” Hannibal replied, his head turning to face Will. It was then that Will noticed the smear of blood on his temple. Something had happened. Scanning Hannibal’s body, Will saw that the doctor's clothes were rumpled as if he had been in a scuffle. “You never told me Jack liked to drop unannounced.”

Will’s heart stilled. Jack only did that when Will doesn’t answer the phone. Once when Jack dropped unannounced, he had found the young profiler in shambles, a case hitting harder than expected. Jack had then decided to randomly stop by whenever Will never answered his phone or seemed off. Millions of questions ran through Will’s head. Was Jack alright? Are his dogs alright? Is Jack dead? Where were they going to go? Does Jack know that Hannibal has him held hostage?

Hannibal seemed to sense the questions Will was having. He decided to provide a few answers to some of them. “He isn’t dead. I had to knock him unconscious.” Hannibal answered before continuing once he realised that Will wasn’t satisfied. “Your dogs are alright. He knows but he won’t catch us because we’ll be leaving soon.”

With that, Hannibal stood up, reaching into his pocket and pulling out a syringe. Will always hated needles but this was getting too much. Not wanting to go down without a fight, Will stood up from the bed and darted into the bathroom. Hannibal was quick but his movements were slowed down by the injuries sustained from his fight with Jack.

Will managed to shut the door, cursing when it didn’t shut fully. He still put his entire weight against the door, praying to whatever deity that was listening. He could feel his heart lodged in his throat as he pushed against the door.

Will could feel Hannibal pushing on the door, the gap slightly widening as Hannibal stuffed his hand in, grabbing at Will. Trying his best to evade the hand, Will moved to the side, allowing Hannibal to open the door and pull Will out. Whatever attempt Will made at getting away was futile. Hannibal never loosened his iron grip on the profiler.

Slamming Will onto the wall, all Will could do was stare at Hannibal, a fear filled expression on his face. It was obvious that he had managed to anger Hannibal. That combined with the pain from the injuries he got with his fight with Jack didn't help the profilers situation.

Pressing his forearm into Will's throat, Hannibal carefully applied pressure, watching as Will panicked. Will only managed to whimper, the panic making him lose all control over his words.

Will could only watch in terror as Hannibal unclipped the syringe, bringing it closer and closer to Will.

"It is not the best choice to sedate you three times within 48 hours, but bear with me, dear Will." Hannibal muttered before injecting the dose. He didn't release the pressure on the profiler’s neck until Will's head slumped forward, his entire body going limp.

The next time Will wakes up, he's immediately met with the watchful eyes of Hannibal staring at him from the driver's seat. Taking a moment to process what was going on, Will finally realised that he was in the passenger side of a moving vehicle. A sort of pickup truck.

His head was leaning against the glass, that side of his shoulder acting from the weight of his body. Wordlessly, Will shifted in his seat, sitting up straight while blinking out the rest of his grogginess. Upon further inspection, Will found that his hand was handcuffed to the door.

Will didn't dare make a noise, he simply opted to try and figure out where they were. Looking around, Will could only see the dark shadow of forests but that's all. Will's perception of time was skewed to the point, he didn't know what day it was. The drugs didn't help him at all as it made him dizzy and nauseous.

"Best you get some rest," Hannibal spoke, gaining Will's attention. "I'm sure you are not feeling very comfortable but I assure you, we are close to our destination."

Not bothering to reply, Will simply laid his head back into his seat. After a few minutes, he shut his eyes, listening to the soft hum of the vehicle. He couldn't try to escape now but maybe, maybe there would be a chance to do so when they arrived at wherever Hannibal was taking him

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading!

Blood On White Tiles

Chapter Summary

> “I made dinner,” Hannibal spoke, gaining Will’s attention.
>
> “I’m not hungry."
>
> “Will, it’s been three days since you had something to eat. It’s unhealthy for you to go this long without food.” Hannibal tried reasoning, frowning when Will showed no sign of caving. “I would hate to have to force you to do things.”

The next time Will woke up, he was jerked awake when he felt a hand on his shoulder. Looking around, he found Hannibal backing away, a neutral expression on his face. Will then realised that they had stopped moving.

"We're here," Hannibal spoke as he stepped out of the vehicle. Will watched as Hannibal crossed to Will's side of the vehicle. Hannibal opened the door and Will's cuffed hand was pulled along, taking him by surprise. Surprising Will even further, Hannibal reached for the cuff, unlocking it and letting Will's hand go. There was a nasty bruise forming on Will’s wrist. Hannibal ached at the sight.

Will simply sat inside the vehicle, waiting for Hannibal to speak.

"Shall we?" Hannibal asked, speaking as if he hadn't drugged Will three times within the last 48 hours. Not wanting to anger Hannibal, Will nodded, getting out of the vehicle.

Will was ambushed by the cold breeze. If Will had to guess, he would say that it was now nighttime. Meaning, it's been almost 2 days since he was first drugged. He didn't want to use kidnapped, since he had willingly walked into Hannibal’s house like some sort of lamb being led to slaughter.

Just as Will stepped out, he didn't expect his legs to be weak as he buckled. The cold gravel bit into his barefeet. He would have crashed straight into the ground if it weren't for Hannibal's grip on Will's shirt. It was then that Will realised that he hadn't showered in the last 48 hours, not even changed his clothes, while Hannibal seems to have changed his clothes every time Will saw him.

"I apologise," Hannibal spoke, bringing Will closer. Holding almost all of Will's weight, Hannibal began walking towards the house.

It was as grandiose as Hannibal's previous place. In fact, it was definitely much bigger than Hannibal's previous house. Turning his head, Will noticed the large forest that surrounded the

house. It seemed to shroud the place in complete darkness. The darkness made it difficult to see but the forest seemed to stretch on forever.

Within no time, Hannibal had brought them inside the house. The interior of the house was an earthy tone, complementing the land surrounding them. The walls were painted a dark brown, accented with a forest green. The lights gave a warm look to the house, highlighting all the dark corners of the house. The furniture matched the interior, showing that Hannibal clearly put thought into the decor. Assisting Will into a room that looked like a living room, Hannibal gently placed Will on the couch. Placing a hand on Will's forehead, Hannibal checked for any sign of a fever. Some primal instinct in Will wanted to nuzzle against Hannibal's cold hand yet his dignity forced him to shy away from the touch.

"Stay here," Hannibal murmured, pushing Will to lie on the sofa. With no resistance, Will went down. He was disgusted by the way he went down without a fight. The way he simply followed Hannibal like he was some sort of puppet. At this point, he was tired. He was too tired to fight back. He'll try something soon. Later. For now, he will simply do what Hannibal says.

While Will was down, Hannibal used this time to unpack the things from the vehicle. Due to the ill timing of his identity being discovered, Hannibal didn't have enough time to pack everything. Most of his belongings were left behind. Luckily, Hannibal kept a truck prepared for the things he might need in case of a quick getaway. He had purchased a house under a different name, making sure to keep it fully stocked and prepared for a quick hideout.

After meeting Will, Hannibal had always wanted to make plans to include Will in his life. He wasn’t sure if the profiler would go along with such plans. It didn’t bring Hannibal any comfort in forcing Will to do things yet, he was left with no choice. Sure, the current plans weren’t perfect but they would make due until Hannibal came up with something better.

Once everything was unpacked, Hannibal walked over to Will, who had now fallen asleep on the sofa. Hannibal was quite unhappy with how many times he had to sedate Will, the doses now taking a toll on the profiler's health. Not wanting to wake Will, Hannibal locked all the doors and windows, switching on all the security measures he had in place. It was now 8 pm. Almost three days since Will found out. Neither Hannibal nor Will has had anything to eat since then.

Sighing to himself, Hannibal walked over to the kitchen, preparing a quick and simple dinner. He knew he would have to wake Will up for dinner. Placing all the plates and cutlery on the dining table, Hannibal wiped his hands before walking towards Will. The entire house was quiet, the only sounds audible to Hannibal were the sound of Will’s breathing and the crickets outside. Placing a gentle hand on Will’s shoulder, Hannibal slowly shook him.

Eyes fluttering open, Will woke up from his slumber. His body ached yet he was used to it. Blinking the sleep away, Will sat up on the couch. As if realising where he was, Will immediately tensed up, his eyes widening in alarm. Turning towards Hannibal, Will watched as Hannibal sighed in defeat before taking a few steps back.

“I made dinner,” Hannibal spoke, gaining Will’s attention.

“I’m not hungry."

“Will, it’s been three days since you had something to eat. It’s unhealthy for you to go this long without food.” Hannibal tried reasoning, frowning when Will showed no sign of caving. “I would hate to have to force you to do things.”

Hannibal's words seemed to illicit a reaction from Will as he glared at the doctor. “A little too late for that. I’m being held here against my will.” He turned away, refusing to face Hannibal. Hearing the shuffle of footsteps, Will turned around to find Hannibal walking out of the room. Once Hannibal had left, Will’s eyes began to tear, frustration building up from within. Hearing footsteps approaching him, Will quickly wiped his tears refusing to give Hannibal the satisfaction of him crying.

Looking up, Will found Hannibal walking towards him with two plates in his hands, cutlery neatly placed on the plates. Hannibal placed the plates down on the coffee table in front of him before taking a seat on the armchair opposite Will.

“Homemade pasta with a creamy mushroom ragu,” Hannibal explained, nudging the plate towards Will. “I have a wine that would pair beautifully with the dish but it would be best to avoid any alcoholic beverages for a while.”

Will eyed the dish before turning away. He was starving but he didn’t want to eat anything. His appetite was seemingly lost like his thoughts. Once Hannibal noticed that Will didn’t show any signs of eating, he knew he would have to resort to other methods.

“William, I am trying to be nice yet you give me no other options,” Hannibal spoke, a stern tone replacing his usual voice. This caused Will to widen his eyes, staring at Hannibal in anger yet Hannibal could see the fear behind his eyes. Riveting back to his usual calm tone, Hannibal spoke, “So please, eat something.”

Fearing the worst, Will nodded. He slowly reached for his plate. As always, the food looked immaculate and Will wanted to dig in but he wasn’t sure if Hannibal drugged the food. No. He wouldn’t drug the food. He would never taint his creation. Picking up the plate, Will grabbed the fork before taking a bite of the food. He wanted to moan at how delicious it was. He swallowed, watching from behind his lashes at how Hannibal nodded in satisfaction before beginning to eat.

Time passed painfully slowly. The sound of metal hitting ceramic was the only audible thing in the room. Will didn’t dare speak and Hannibal didn’t want to destroy the peaceful atmosphere that surrounded them. Once Will was done with his food, he placed the plate on the table. Will watched as Hannibal picked up his plate before standing up and walking to what Will assumed was the kitchen.

As Hannibal left the room, Will gathered up his strength and stood up. He wobbled for a few seconds before he took a few steps. He wanted to run to the front door. To run out and just keep running but he knew he wouldn’t make it far. Not when he was still under the effects of whatever Hannibal injected into him and not when he wasn’t even wearing any shoes. While the area may be unfamiliar to Will, Hannibal must know the area like the back of his hand.

Before Will could form any sort of plan, Hannibal walked into the room. Not wanting to face him, Will turned to the fireplace, staring at the exposed brick. He could tell that Hannibal was walking towards him but Will ignored him.

“Let me show you your room,” Hannibal said walking towards the staircase, and waiting for Will to follow him. Having no other option, Will turned to follow him but stopped near the staircase. He didn’t think he would have the strength to walk up the stairs but he didn’t want Hannibal near him. Taking a few steps up the stairs, Will held onto the railing for his dear life, his legs threatening to give up.

From the corner of his eyes, he saw Hannibal extend a hand towards him. Will didn’t want to take it but he also didn’t want to fall down and injure himself. Reluctantly, Will reached out and grabbed Hannibal’s hand, using it as support to move. Within no time, they reached the first floor. The first floor was like the ground floor. The walls sported the same colour scheme. Will noted the windows and how they were covered with thick curtains. Will noticed that Hannibal didn’t let go of Will’s hand. There were three rooms upstairs and Will couldn’t help but grimace when Hannibal led him to the room furthest away from the staircase.

Inside the room, was a queen-sized bed, fitted with dark blue sheets. Sheets that Will couldn’t even think of affording. There was a wardrobe and a large cabinet in the room along with a study table that was placed in front of the window. Near it was a shelf, filled with numerous books. The room was too dark to read the titles of the books but Will didn’t care. Next to the bed was a small nightstand with a lamp on it. Will noticed how there wasn’t any furniture near the entrance. There was another door, probably leading to the bathroom. After scanning the entire room, Will’s eyes fell on the bedpost. His breath hitched when he noticed the cuff. Instinctively Will wrenched his hand from Hannibal’s while taking a few steps back.

Turning to face Will, Hannibal followed the profiler's gaze. “Will,” Hannibal warned.

Without warning, Will turned around and sprinted away from the room. He didn’t want to stay. He didn’t want to be chained to the bed like some sort of dog. Even Will never chained his dogs, only putting them into a crate to separate them from the pack. The drug was still in his system, slowing him down but Will didn’t plan on giving up anytime soon. He could hear Hannibal following him, his footsteps hammering into the wooden floor. Grabbing onto the railing, Will rushed downstairs, taking advantage of the adrenaline coursing through his veins to ignore the pain in his body. He could hear Hannibal call out to him, the doctor's voice almost a growl.

He felt Hannibal's hands brush the back of his shirt but Will didn’t stop, almost tripping as he climbed down the last few steps. Panic clouding his mind, Will knew that the front door was locked and it would take him a lot of time to unlock it. Time he did not have. Instead of running to the front door, Will took a U-turn and ran into one of the many rooms that were on the ground floor. Shutting the door behind him, Will quickly locked it. He jumped out of his skin when something, most likely Hannibal, banged against the door. The doorknob jiggled Hannibals attempted at trying to open the door.

“Will,” Hannibal called out but Will refused to answer back. He simply backed away from the door. The room turned out to be a bathroom. Unlike the rest of the house, the tiles were a

brilliant white, the walls a dark blue. “Open the door, Will.” Hannibal tried again but Will didn’t acknowledge his words.

Rushing towards the window, Will tried his best to open it but unfortunately for him, it didn’t budge. Will stilled for a moment when he heard the sound of a drawer being opened. He probably went to go find a key. Opening the medicine cabinet, Will rifled through its contents, trying to find something that would help him in this situation but there was nothing more than some pills.

Pulling open a drawer, Will found a razor, one in which you can replace the blade. Grabbing it, Will detached the blade, holding it in his hands as he faced the door. The unmistakable sound of a key being jammed into the keyhole had Will trembling. Terrified out of his mind, Will stumbled back as the door flew open to a pissed-off Hannibal. His eyes were filled with anger as he walked into the room, his posture intimidating Will.

Will felt something drip onto his legs. The bright white tiles contrasted the crimson red blood that bled from his fingertips. He was holding the blade incorrectly, the sharp edge cutting into his soft skin. He refused to let go of it. As Hannibal walked closer to him, Will moved back until he pressed into the cold hard tiles. He was helpless as Hannibal grabbed at his wrists, pulling the razor from Will’s fingers.

Discarding the razor into the trashcan, Hannibal grabbed Wil by the waist before lifting the smaller man. Will yelled in protest, thrashing around in Hannibal’s grip. Hannibal didn’t let go of Will even as the profiler's nails dug harshly into Hannibal’s forearms. “Don’t be difficult, Will,” Hannibal warned as he climbed up the stairs. It was quite a difficult task when WIll kept struggling in his arms.

“Oh, fuck you,” Will cursed, his hands clawing at Hannibals, trying to get him to loosen his grip. Will tried his best to get away from Hannibal but all his attempts were futile. Will yelped in surprise when Hannibal tossed him onto the bed. Taking advantage of Will’s surprise, Hannibal grabbed at Will’s leg and fastened the cuff onto his ankle.

“No, no, no, no,” Will muttered as he tried to grab Hannibal. His breathing quickened as he felt his lungs shrink in response. He didn’t want to be chained. He didn’t want to be chained. “Hannibal, please.” Will tried to get the cuff off but Hannibal grabbed his wrists before pulling them closer to his face.

“You’ve injured yourself again, Will.” Hannibal said looking at the bleeding cuts on Will’s fingers. Letting go of Will’s hands, Hannibal disappeared for a few minutes. Will used this time to try and get the cuff off. His fingers ached as he got blood all over his ankle. Will assumed that the cuff would restrict him as it did in the previous house. When Hannibal returned, he gave Will a look that caused Will to stop fumbling with the cuff.

“I am not above restraining your hands if it meant you stop hurting yourself,” Hannibal declared, reminding Will that Hannibal could do whatever he wanted. Hannibal was carrying a small bag, with a bright red cross on the front of it. A first aid kit. Sitting on the bed, Hannibal opened the bag, pulling out some alcohol wipes. Extending his hand, Will gestured for Will to lift his hands.

Will simply eyed Hannibal's hand, contemplating his decision. Not wanting to anger Hannibal any further, Will placed his hands on Hannibal's. He couldn't help but his in pain when Hannibal placed the wipe on the wounds. He shuts his eyes and turned away as Hannibal muttered comforting words.

"I know," Hannibal mumbled. Once the bleeding had stopped and the wound had been disinfected, Hannibal wrapped Will's fingers in bandages before zipping the first aid kit close. Hannibal brought Will's hands to his lips, placing a gentle kiss on them. "I hate to see you in pain, my dear Will."

"Yet you are the cause of my suffering," Will replied, his eyes filling with tears. He gulped, swallowing a sob. "Let me go, Hannibal."

"You know I can't do that, Will."

"Please," Will begged, his tears freely cascading down his cheeks.

Hannibal let go of Will's hands before wiping away the tears from Will's face. Cradling Will's face with his hands, Hannibal couldn't help but sigh before he stood up. Will cried, not bothering to hide his sobs anymore. Hannibal ran his fingers through the younger man's curls, bringing Will closer to him. Will buried his face into Hannibal's shirt, not caring that his tears were probably ruining the expensive shirt. Hannibal didn't dare move as he stayed with Will until the profiler cried himself to sleep. Once soft snores reached Hannibal's ears, he stealthily moved Will to lie comfortably on the bed before draping the sheets over him.

Quietly, Hannibal sneaked out of the room, closing the door behind him before locking it. It hurt him to see Will this way but within no time, Will would change. He would accept his becoming and Hannibal would wait forever for Will to do so.

Protein Scramble

It wasn’t the noise or feeling of being touched that woke him up; but the lack of it. Unless plagued by the horrifying nightmare, Will’s sleep would often be interrupted by his dogs wanting their owner's attention. When Will felt no fluff or wet nose near him, it raised multiple alarms in his head. Jerking awake, Will sat on the bed, a bed too comfortable for Will to afford. It was then that the memories resurfaced, the alert shifted into panic as Will covered his face with his hands. That was when he felt the rough texture of the gauze. Remembering what happened last night, Will couldn’t help but groan into his palms, his ears burning with embarrassment. He had tried to find comfort in his tormentor and what was even worse was that he succeeded. Not only had he sobbed like a little child, but he also let Hannibal soothe him. Cradle him till sleep took over.

The silence creeped him out. Either Hannibal chose to give him his space or he wasn’t here. Regardless, Will was grateful. He wasn’t in the mood of talking to the doctor. Not after last night. Even when Will was at their “sessions”, he never shed a single tear. Back then, he knew Hannibal’s concern was sincere. That he actually cared for Will. Now, it all might be just some ruse to try and get Will to drop his guard down. The Chesapeake Ripper was one to play games with his victims and Will wasn’t going to fall for it. He would try to escape and if he fails, he’ll try again.

Not wanting to dwell any further on his memories, Will stood up, testing his balance. Within no time, he had managed to make it into the bathroom. The bathroom was exactly identical to the one downstairs, minus the razors and other sharp objects. After finishing his business, Will stepped out, only for his heart to skip a beat. There, seated on his bed was Hannibal. Gone were the messy sheets, now neatly arranged on the bed. On the bed lay a small wooden tray holding a plate of breakfast.

“Good morning Will,” Hannibal greeted, a polite smile on his face. “A simple protein scramble.”

“Is this in tribute to our first meal together?” Will retorted, a frown taking over his expression. He was starving. Seeing as how exhausted his body and mind were, he couldn't afford to skip meals, regardless of how he was feeling. If he wanted to get out of this wretched place, he was going to have to build up his strength. Unfortunately for Will, it was at this moment that his bastard of a mind decided to piece together another part of the puzzle.

Meat. Missing organs. Extravagant dinners. Complicated dishes. Hannibal.

Eyes widening with realisation, Will felt his stomach lurch as he turned and threw himself onto the toilet. What little content was in Will’s stomach emptied itself out, the realisation hitting him a little too hard. He couldn’t help but flinch when he felt a warm hand on his back, tracing circles, almost as if Hannibal was comforting him. That made Will even more nauseous. Once there was nothing left, Will sat back, wiping his mouth with the tissue that Hannibal gave him.

Not only was his therapist, ex-best friend and captor a killer, but he is a cannibal. A cannibal who had been feeding his close friends and colleagues the very people they were trying to save. Another, not so overwhelming but gruesome nonetheless, realisation hit Will.

“You were making puns about it, weren’t you?” Will asked Hanibal, watching as amusement flooded the doctor's eyes. Without thinking twice, Will accepted the hand extended to him. Lifting himself off the ground, Will followed Hannibal into the bedroom. Looking away from the plate, Will decided to focus on the intricately detailed wallpaper.

“I’m finally glad that someone finally noticed. They always went unnoticed by everyone.” Hannibal finally answered. The amusement in his eyes faded into something more serious, something more sombre with a hint of regret. “I truly apologise about the manner in which you figured it out. I was going to tell you but I didn’t want it to further disrupt our relationship.

A grimace covered Will’s face. “Was this after I realised that you killed the people I was tasked with saving? Or was it after I found out about your little hobbies.” The snark and sarcasm in Will’s voice surprised even the profiler. Yesterday, he was carefully putting out his words, trying his best not to anger Hannibal but now, it seems like whatever he said wouldn’t matter.

Hannibal stayed quiet. Whatever he said wouldn't matter to Will. The tense silence did nothing to help the situation. All Will wanted to do was wrap himself into a cocoon of sheets and sleep till he couldn't sleep anymore.

"I sense that you will not eat the food I have prepared," Hannibal spoke, his voice calm and intuitive.

Will merely shot him a look that screamed 'no shit sherlock'. Sighing out loud, Will sat on the bed, not watching as Hannibal picked up the tray and walked out. Finally, Will was alone. He could now succumb to his thoughts. The nausea returned when he thought about the food.

Hannibal disappeared for quite a while, giving Will time to think. He still hasn’t made any solid plan to escape. Not when he’s chained to the bed. At some point, he’s going to have to convince Hannibal to remove the cuff. To do that, he needs to gain the doctor's trust. Shutting his eyes tightly, Will braced himself to all the fake mannerisms he must adopt. It was going to be hard to pretend like everything was going to be fine. Hannibal had managed to fool some of the finest FBI agents and even managed to gain popularity amongst the upper class of Baltimore. He fits the Ripper’s profile very well and Will couldn’t help but feel ashamed at how he didn’t see it all before. He had been charmed by Hannibal’s charisma, to the point where he subconsciously looked the other way.

If Will wants to get out of this alive, he was going to have to think carefully about the way he acts. All his words but be strategically placed in a way that he doesn’t raise any suspicions. All he has to do is get away from Hannibal, find someone and call Jack.

When Jack crossed his mind, Will couldn’t help but think of everyone at the BSU. Alana. Beverly. They must be searching the country for him. Part of Will believed that they were relieved that he was finally gone. Shaking his head, Will stood up and stretched. All the

sleeping he has been doing in addition to whatever Hannibal dosed him with was taking a toll on his body. The only problem was that Will didn't think he would have the ability to eat whatever Hannibal served him. He had never had a problem with Hannibal's cooking but this just takes the cake.

Will missed his dogs. He hoped Alana was taking good care of them. The dogs love her and they'll be alright if she has them. Will just wishes that she keep them so he can have his army of fluff back.

Deciding to look around, Will decided to head towards the window. Maybe, he would be able to reach the curtains and get a general idea of what he has to deal with if he got out of the house. Just as Will reached for the curtains, the door opened. Hannibal walked in with another tray. Will watched cautiously as Hannibal placed the tray on the study table.

"Just a simple omelette," Hannibal chimed, looking at his dish with some satisfaction.

"I'm still not eating that," Will spoke as he eyed the plate. It looked alright. Like something even Will could make but the fact that it was made with Hannibal's hands didn't sit right with the profiler.

"Will," Hannibal sighed. "You're terribly macilent. I wouldn't recommend skipping meals."

Will bit his tongue. He wanted to retort back but if he wanted to gain Hannibal's trust, then he was going to have to play along. He didn't want to anger Hannibal but Will found it physically impossible to even consider eating. At least for a while.

With a pained expression on his face, Will turned towards Hannibal. "I'll eat something later. I don't have much of an appetite right now."

The profiler watched as Hannibal slowly caved. With a bit more pleading, Hannibal finally surrendered. He watched as the doctor formed a different plan, the cogs in his brain turning in desperate need to find a solution. "I understand. However, I will have no choice but to make sure you have dinner. It would be a sin if I were to let you go on without food for more than a day."

Glad that he didn't have to eat anything at the moment, Will nodded. He'll cross the next bridge when he comes to it. All he had to do was play along and make sure that he gets on Hannibal's good side. He'll try to escape, even if it means ending all of it. All Will has to do is endure whatever Hannibal has planned for him.

Cold, Cold Water

Will dreaded the moment he would have to eat. While he may have evaded food before, Hannibal was going to persist with dinner and Will had the feeling that Hannibal would go so far as to shove the food down Will's throat if he resisted. Knowing Hannibal and his dinners, Will knew that there would be some sort of meat element. That also meant that there would be a salad of sorts. Will knew that he had to eat something at some point, Will decided to simply survive by eating the vegetarian components of the dinner.

Unfortunately for Will, dinner came too soon. Within no time, Hannibal walked into the room, more of a cage in Will's mind, a large tray in his hands. There were two plates, one for him and one for Hannibal. With a frown on his face, Will eyed the tray, his stomach giving mixed feelings. Sure, he was starving but his appetite was slowly decreasing. The profiler sat on the bed, legs crossed awkwardly, the chain restricting movement.

Hannibal slowly approached Will, his steps slow and reassuring. Sitting on the opposite side of the bed, Hannibal placed the tray in between them.

Will glanced at the plate, surprise overcoming his face. There was not a single piece of meat. Looking up at Hannibal, Will found an incomprehensible emotion in the doctor's eyes. For the first time, Will was confused about his feelings.

"After today's predicament, I thought it would be best to skip any meat and base the dish solely on something that you would be comfortable with," Hannibal spoke, cutting through the thick atmosphere. He continued to watch as Will tried to understand what was going on.

"Why?" Will managed to mutter, his eyes flitting from Hannibal's back to the plate.

"Is it so hard to believe my words when I say I do not want to see you in any discomfort?" Hannibal asked, indirectly mentioning his motives while asking a question. Of course, Hannibal would answer a question with a question of his own.

Confusion still etched on his face, Will tried his best to see if this was part of Hannibal's plan. After staring into Hannibal's eyes for a long time, Will decided that Hannibal seemed to be sincere. A part of Will knew that he had seen that sincerity before it could simply be Hannibal tricking Will.

Hannibal nudged the plate towards Will before he began eating. It was unusual for Hannibal to start before his guests but the circumstances were unusual as well. Watching for a few minutes, Will picked up the fork, stabbing the neatly chopped potato before taking a bite. As always, the food was immaculate yet Will couldn't help but feel an immense amount of guilt overcome him. After all this time, he had been enjoying the meat of the very people he was supposed to save.

Flashes of all the crime scenes that had been by the Ripper crossed Will's mind. The sudden urge to throw up also crossed Will's mind but the profiler controlled himself. He shut his eyes in an attempt to frown everything out.

After around thirty minutes, Hannibal had finished with his food but Will was far from over. Realising that he couldn't eat anymore, Will pushed the plate away from him, mentally bracing himself for Hannibal's comment.

Wordlessly, Hannibal picked up the plate, expertly juggling everything he brought into the room with his hands before walking out. Will was grateful that Hannibal knew better than to bring it up. Will took this moment to process what was happening. Everything was confusing. One minute, he was with a serial killer that showed no mercy to any soul, next thing you know, Hannibal's sacrificed his love for meat, human meat, so Will wouldn't feel uncomfortable. Now that Will thought about it, Hannibal hadn't demanded anything of Will. He didn't yell at him. Hell, so far, Will has been living lavishly more than he did before.

Before Will could spend more time thinking, the door opened once more. Hannibal walked in with a tray and a small bag in his hands. Placing the tray on the bed, Will found two small ramekins of pudding. Will wasn't sure. They looked like dessert.

"I brought you some clothes," Hannibal spoke as he gestured to the bag in his hands. Will could sense the hesitancy in his voice. Something others wouldn't have noticed but Will wasn't some random person. "I didn't have the chance to get your clothes."

Will knew what he was trying to say. He was going to have to wear Hannibal's clothes. Will didn't really have a problem with that. He was dying to get out of the clothes he was wearing. It had been days since he had changed out of them.

"Thank you," Will muttered as Hannibal placed the bag on the bed. It didn't escape Will how Hannibal kept his distance, not daring to come within 2 feet of Will.

"I truly apologise if that may make you uncomfortable. The moment I am able to, I will find something that will be more to your physique." Hannibal apologised, that sincere look on his face returning.

It angered Will. It confused him to the point he almost believed the look on the doctor's face. ***Almost.***

Muttering a quick thanks, Will grabbed the bag before rushing into the bathroom. He knew it was rude to do so but he was desperate to get out of the clothes he was wearing. After the closing the door, Will stripped out of his clothes- there was some struggle because of the cuff but within a few minutes, he was under the shower. Instead of his usual scalding hot showers, Will stood under the icy cold water, hoping that it would shock some sense into him. Some primal part of him begged to accept Hannibal’s affections. The doctor seemed sincere enough for Will to forget the horrible things Hannibal had done, yet, deep inside, this justice-seeking creature couldn’t help but want to see Hannibal behind metal bars. As he moved, the metal chain clanged against the cabinet, reminding Will that he was a hostage. All he had to do was find his freedom. That's all that mattered.

After spending a satisfactory amount of time under the water, Will grabbed the towel that was hanging and began drying himself. Turns out, Hannibal wore clothes three times Wills size, leaving the pants he had hanging loosely around his waste. The fabric was quite soft- as expected of Hannibal’s clothing. The t-shirt shrouded the profiler's body, hanging just above

his knees. Will couldn’t help but gawk at how small he looked in the doctor's clothes. He felt as if he was being wrapped in ridiculously soft blankets.

Gathering his wit and courage, Will placed his hand on the bathroom door, watching from the little gap to see if Hannibal was there. Luck didn’t want to side with Will as he saw Hannibal seated on the bed, his nose buried in a book that Will had picked up from the study table. Usually, Will would annotate his books, filling the margins with whatever thoughts flitted across his mind as he read the words. Will didn’t know if Hannibal would mind Will tarnishing the pages with his endless thoughts.

Walking out of the bathroom, he felt the doctor's gaze follow him as he walked towards the bed. In Will’s hands were his old clothes. Hannibal would probably burn them. Can’t leave evidence. Shame, Will always liked the shirt.

“I realise you haven’t annotated this book,” Hannibal spoke, his eyes glistening with curiosity. “I always enjoy reading the little bits of information you leave behind. Don’t hesitate to write on any of the books here.”

Will didn’t answer. He didn’t know how to. All he did was place his clothes on the bed before he crawled onto it. He could feel the exhaustion creeping up on him. The profiler didn’t even do much work but then again, the constant fear and panic would cause even the mightiest warriors to be desperate for sleep. Laying back against the headboard, Will watched Hannibal. Neither of them said a word. They had nothing to say. Everything had already been said and done. Now, the only thing left to do is try and find out the reasoning behind their words and actions.

“Now what?” Will asked, eliciting a head tilt from the doctor. “You’ve fed me, given me a change of clothes. Now what?” Will repeated. Part of him was curious, begging to know what would lie next. Yet, he wished to remain ignorant. To avoid knowing his fate. To simply live in the present.

“We will stay here until everything calms down and then, we shall travel,” Hannibal explained. There was still some secrecy to his words, leaving Will desperate for more clarification.

“Where?”

“Where do you want to go?” Hannibal asked, his body leaning towards Will.

That primal part of Will wanted to lean closer. To seek the warmth that emanated from the doctor, but, like always, he refrained from doing so. Will remained where he was, pressed against the headboard. Keeping as much distance from the doctor as possible. Will didn’t even bother to answer. He simply watched as disappointment filled Hannibal’s eyes. He also watched the mask of indifference replace the disappointment. After all, the doctor wasn’t one to be easily disappointed.

Nightmares and Head Wounds

After that very confusing conversation with Hannibal, Will hadn't spoken a word. He didn't how to continue after that. The profiler simply watched as the doctor's disappointment hid behind a neutral expression. They stayed that way before Hannibal excused himself. He hadn't bid Will a good night meaning that Hannibal was going to come back.

Just as the door closed, Will grabbed one of the pillows and slammed his face into it. He let out a scream of frustration- the pillow doing a great job of muffling his screams- before he flopped awkwardly on the bed. Everything was so confusing. Sure, because Will was considered to be on the spectrum, human emotion always puzzled him but his empathy usually helped. Now, he was stuck with a serial killer who was ridiculously skilled at hiding his emotions.

It was in times of confusion and frustration that Will would go fishing with Winston. He would usually take the other dogs but Winston was the most behaved, opting to sleep on the river bank as Will waded into the quiet. Calming his breathing, Will stared at the ceiling, counting the wooden tiles that decorated it. Even the ceilings were intricately designed. Within no time, sleep threatened to overtake Will but he persisted to retain his consciousness. Will hummed mindlessly as he continued to count the ceiling tiles.

While Will kept himself busy with his moral dilemma in his room, Hannibal was doing the dishes downstairs. The doctor used this time to let his thoughts roam freely. Will was making so much progress but unfortunately, the need to conform to society's standards keeps the profiler's desires at bay. How much easier would it be if Will let his carnal instincts take over? Hannibal could then shed his person suit but alas, life is unfair. All Hannibal can do is whisper from outside the chrysalis. Hannibal had often found himself fighting the urge to rip through the chrysalis and mould Will into the perfect being. A perfect fit for Hannibal. A matching puzzle block.

Hannibal had perfect plans that needed to be executed soon. It is without a doubt that Hannibal's face would be plastered on the news alongside Will's. The FBI must be looking for them across the entire country but they wouldn't think to look in Virginia. With the headstart that Hannibal had gotten, Jack must presume that he would have to extend his search onto international borders but Hannibal was smarter. He used this presumption to his own advantage by going to one of his safe houses in Virginia. It is quite far away from Wolf Trap but still within the state.

As much as Hannibal would prefer not to, he knew he would have to venture out from the safety of the house to get supplies and ensure that the next step of the plan is ready. His plan was to take Will to Florence. He knew that Will would be happy there. All Hannibal had to do was collect a favour from one of his old contacts. Money wasn't an issue. He would spend all of the riches in the world if it ensured that Will would be with him.

Once all the dishes were dried and placed on the rack, Hannibal made his way upstairs. He had taken the room next to Will's just so he can be close if the profiler has any nightmares.

Once Hannibal had made his way to Will's room, there was hesitation lingering in the air. The doctor had no reason to go into the room; the only thing Hannibal wanted to do was to bid Will a good night. With his hand on the doorknob, Hannibal hesitated for a few seconds before softly knocking on the door. When he didn't receive any reply, he slowly opened the door to find Will asleep. He was sleeping on the wrong side with his chained leg hanging limply from the side of the bed.

He must have been waiting for Hannibal. With his heart softly aching at the sight, Hannibal walked in before placing the blanket on top of the profiler. There wasn't much Hannibal could do at the moment. Moving Will would wake him up so Hannibal decided to just let him be.

Staring at the sleeping profiler, Hannibal sighed heavily, letting all the tension show on his shoulders. Lingering just a little longer, Hannibal turned around, switching off the light before walking out of the room. Although he wished not to, Hannibal locked the door before walking into his room.

Instead of going straight to sleep, Hannibal sat on his bed before scrolling through the contacts on his phone. He had to ditch his old phone in case dear old Jack decided to trace it- it would have been their first move- but as always, Hannibal was prepared. He kept a separate phone with the needed numbers.

Once he reached the right name, he clicked the call button, waiting patiently as the ringing sound was heard. After two rings, a click was heard.

"Ivan's Bakery. How may I help you?" A thick Russian accent was heard from the phone.

"Yes, my name is Roman Fell," Hannibal spoke, his voice calm and calculating. "I would like to collect two baskets for me and my partner, Aleksander."

"And when will you be ready to collect them?"

"As soon as possible," Hannibal replied before hanging up. This wasn't his first time but Hannibal would prefer it was his last. They couldn't leave the country without fake identities… it was more that they couldn't enter another country without fake ids. All Hannibal had to do was wait till the new identities were created so that they could just slip out of America, opening the doors to the rest of the world. By then, maybe, Will would succumb to the darkness in him. Becoming who Hannibal wanted.

Opening the drawer on his nightstand, Hannibal placed the phone in before heading to the bathroom. It was 10.30. Hannibal usually stayed up late but there was no reason to and he had plans for the next day so the doctor decided to change into his pyjamas and call it a day. Amidst buttoning his silk shirt, a blood-curdling scream caught Hannibal's attention.

It was Will.

Running out of the bathroom, Hannibal quickly made his way towards Will's room. Just as he reached the door, he remembered the key before rushing back into his room. The screams were getting louder, a loud thud accompanying the screams.

“Will?” Hannibal called out the profiler's name as he unlocked the door. Rushing towards Will, Hannibal found him writhing on the floor; sheets tangled around his body. Before Hannibal could do anything, Will’s head slammed hard against the corner of the bed causing the doctor to lunge towards Will. Grabbing the struggling body, Hannibal stopped Will from moving too harshly.

“Will, I need you to wake up,” Hannibal tried as he attempted to get Will to wake up. Will had now gone still, his breathing heavy as his eyes slowly fluttered open. They were the eyes of a man who had seen a lot of things. “There we go,” Hannibal muttered as he cradled the face of the profiler.

“Hannibal?” Will spoke, attempting to move but he winced when he felt a throbbing pain on the back of his head. “What the hell?”

Hand moving from his cheek, Hannibal quickly cupped the back of Will’s head, feeling for any blood or bump. It was too dark to see anything but there was a slight moisture and Hannibal could smell the metallic smell of blood. With no difficulty, Hannibal quickly lifted Will and placed him on the bed.

“You had a nightmare,” Hannibal said, pushing Will back down when he tried to sit up. “You hit your head. Let me treat it.”

Will simply stayed quiet. He was still processing everything. The last Will remembers was lying in bed, waiting for Hannibal and the next thing knows, he’s in Hannibal’s arms with a sharp pain coursing through his head. Mind still groggy, he didn’t realise that Hannibal was talking to him until he felt a sharp sting. The lights were now on and there was a first aid kit next to him. He has been seeing those things a lot now. The pain caused the profiler to hiss out.

“It is a small wound,” Hannibal muttered, making sure the wound was completely covered in rubbing alcohol. “There is no need for a plaster as long as you don’t touch it.” Hannibal advised as he closed the first aid kit.

Once the first aid kit was stored away, Hannibal turned to a still-dazed Will. His face softened when he saw how Will seemed to be lost in his mind. “Do you want to talk about it?” Hannibal asked, snapping Will out of his trance and eliciting an angered response.

“Why? Are you going to be my therapist again?” Will questioned, his eyebrows narrowing in anger and frustration. Taking a deep breath, Will carefully laid on his side. He made sure not to put pressure on his wound. The last thing he needed was additional pain.

“Not your therapist, but rather your friend,” Hannibal replied before walking to the door. “Get some rest. Call me if you need anything.” With that, Hannibal flipped the light off before walking out.

“Wait,” Will called out causing the doctor to pause in his step. Will instantly regretted his decision but there was a part of him that didn’t want Hannibal to leave. “I don’t want to sleep alone…” Will spoke, his voice trailing off at the end but Hannibal heard him.

“Of course,” Hannibal replied, a small smile on his face. “Let me get dressed properly and I will come back.”

With that, Hannibal switched the light back on before disappearing into his room.

Will sighed in exhaustion. He was nowhere close to gaining his trust. He could never do it if he keeps angering Hannibal and snapping back. Will couldn’t help it. He found cooperating absurd, regardless of the promise he had made earlier. Unfortunately, Will was a person who kept his promises and if he wanted to get out, he would have to comply with whatever Hannibal said. He would do this even if it means losing the last bit of integrity left in his body. As long as it ensured his escape.

Lost in his thoughts, Will snapped out of his reverie when he heard the door close. Looking at the door, he found Hannibal walking towards him with a blanket in his hand. Scooting to the side, Will turned to his left side, Hannibal naturally assuming the right side of the bed.

Within no time, the two of them were settled on the bed, the only sound audible was their breathing. Neither of them said a word. Will was too embarrassed to and Hannibal preferred silence over arguments. To Will, this was painfully awkward but he didn’t want to go to sleep alone. The demons in his mind were inching ever too close to the surface and as they always say, better the known devil than the unknown.

“Have a good night, my dear Will,” Hannibal spoke softly as he shifted on the bed, his voice riddled with hints of exhaustion. The soft click of the light echoed in the room before the room was engulfed in darkness.

“Good night,” Will muttered back, his heart racing when he felt Hannibal's breath on the back of his neck. He had to fight the urge to move closer to the doctor. While it would have been easier to just give in to his urges, Will had just sworn to get out and cosying up to his captor wasn't going to help him there. Grabbing onto his pillow tightly, Will shut his eyes, desperate for sleep to take over

The last thing Will felt was the hand on his waist before he drifted off in a dreamless, and perfectly calm sleep.

2-12 Hours

Chapter Notes

TW: Warning. This chapter contains thoughts of suicide and other disturbing material. Please read with caution.

When Will woke up, there was a few seconds when he was calm. The soft light streamed in through the gap in the curtain, illuminating the room with a slight glow. The alarm clock showed it was 7 in the morning. It was then that all the memories resurfaced. Will turned around to find that the bed was empty. Hannibal was an early riser and Will was awfully grateful for that. He didn't want to wake up to face Hannibal in the same bed as him. Spending a few more minutes in bed, Will got out of bed. The chain rattled from behind him as he walked into the bathroom. He had almost forgotten about it as he had gotten used to the feeling of the cuff around his ankle.

He found new clothes neatly placed on the countertop of the bathroom; courtesy of Hannibal. Wordlessly and thoughtlessly, Will had a nice hot shower before tossing the clothes he was wearing into the hamper. Will felt he was being treated like a little princess- flourishing in the novelties he had come to fantasise about. He couldn't help but notice that the clothes that were placed belonged to Hannibal. Thankfully, it wasn't a three-piece suit. It was simply a light blue sweater with white sweatpants. As usual, the clothes engulfed his body, exaggerating Will's bony figure.

Once he made sure everything was done, he walked out of the bathroom. The bedroom was empty and if Will strained his hearing, he could hear soft music playing from downstairs. Sighing heavily, Will began making the bed. While he didn't bother back at home, Will made sure to be very clean and precise. God forbid he accidentally angered Hannibal. Once he was done, Will walked towards the window. The chain wasn't long enough to reach the window itself but Will could at least reach the curtain to push it aside.

The light filled the room, giving Will a glimpse of the outside world. All he could see was an almost endless woods. Will knew that if he were to try and escape, we would also have to survive that monstrosity of a forest. Staring that the thick forest, Will shuffled away quickly when he heard the door knob rattle. Pretending to read something on the desk, Will turned and paid no attention to Hannibal who walked in.

"A very good morning, Will," Hannibal spoke, a bright smile on his face.

Turning to face the doctor, Will muttered a quick 'morning' to Hannibal before standing there awkwardly. Hannibal had a tray in his hand, most likely his breakfast. Will shifted to the right when Hannibal walked towards the table he was at. He watched as Hannibal placed the tray on the table before facing Will.

“How are you feeling?” Hannibal asked, his eyes searching Will’s face for an expression. Will merely shrugged, his eyes facing the floor. “I’ve brought you breakfast and unfortunately, I am not able to join you.”

This made Will face Hannibal, curiosity filling his eyes.

“I have some errands to run. I shall not be long.” Hannibal spoke, as he fixed the collar of his shirt. “Would you like me to bring something for you?”

Will shook his head as he swallowed the retort that was on the tip of his tongue. “I’m fine.”

“Alright then, I shall be taking my leave,” Hannibal said, his voice somehow sounding different. He walked towards the door before turning back. “Are you sure you’ll be alright?”

“Yeah,” Will muttered as he kept wringing his hands. “I’ll be fine.”

In reality, he couldn't wait for Hannibal to leave so Will could find some sort of way to leave. Flashing an awkward smile, Will watched as Hannibal nodded before walking out, That smile vanished from his face when he heard the lock turn. Another obstacle if Will manages to get the cuff off. Taking a seat on the bed, Will waited for some time to allow Hannibal to drive off. He couldn't help but wonder if this was a test but Will could hear the distant sound of an engine turning on and driving away. It was faint and anyone would miss it, but Will knew Hannibal was gone.

Taking a few deep breaths in, Will stood up. Without wasting any time, he rushed to the study table and opened all of the drawers. Hannibal had been generous enough to provide Will with some decent stationery and Will intended to use whatever he had to get the cuff off his leg. There was some sort of fancy pen with a nib. It was some sort of a fountain pen. Inserting the nib into the lock's keyhole, Will wriggled it, desperate to hear that satisfying ‘click’. Regardless of how much time he spent on the cuff. He couldn’t remove it.

After having tried the more gentle method, Will had to find a more violent way of getting out. He would claw his way through the metal if he had to. Will walked into the bathroom, heading straight to the toilet. Picking up the lid of the toilet cistern, walked out. Will bunched up the sheets on his bed around his ankle and pulled the chain of the cuff taut. Lifting the lid above his head, Will brought down the lid onto the chain, using all of his strength to try and break, or at least damage, the chain.

After several attempts, all Will managed to do was dent a small part of the chain. Cursing out in frustration, Will dropped the lid to the floor. Putting his head in his hands, Will sighed. Only a few hours till Hannibal came back. If Will wanted to get out, this would be his best opportunity and the window was closing in on him.

Will bent down to pick up the cistern lid when his eyes fell on the bedpost. He eyed the way the chain had been connected to the wooden post. Picking up the lid, Will slammed it onto the post, near wear the chain was looped around. Will didn’t know whether to frown when he found that the bed didn’t move an inch (it was bolted down to the floor) or whether to grim when the wood slowly chipped away. Continuing to hit the post. Will couldn’t help but get

his hopes up. Just as Wil hit the middle of the post, all his hopes vanished the second he heard a metal ‘thang’.

There was a metal pole reinforcing the wood. For a split second, Will wanted to hit the lid on his head but instead, he kept hitting the pole out of pure anger. Will couldn’t even begin to fathom where Hannibal might have gotten a bed with a metal pole reinforcing the otherwise expensive wood. Part of Will felt guilty for destroying the bed but that guilt quickly diminished, being replaced with anger and resentment towards the doctor.

Around two hours had passed since Will’s attempt to break the chain. He was now laying on the bed, racking his mind for ways to escape. He could pretend to be injured so Hannibal removed the chain to treat him. Then he could take the doctor by surprise. While the element of surprise would definitely help Will, he couldn't help but doubt the fact that Hannibal was twice as strong as Will was.

That two hours turned into four. Will sat next to the door, desperate to hear the sounds of Hannibal's arrival. The darker, more cynical, part of Will’s mind came up with different scenarios. Scenarios where Hannibal forgot about him or intentionally left the profiler to die. Maybe this was his plan after all. Treat Will so gently, cater to all his needs and then abandon him. Leave him to rot in this prison. It could also be some sick mind game. Leave Will waiting for hours and then come back, watch the profiler break into several pieces.

Four hours turned to six. Hannibal had left at around nine in the morning. It was now around 3 pm. The food Hannibal had left on the table was untouched. The coffee had gone stale and the omelette was now stone cold. Will was lying on the floor, his eyes staring numbly at the ceiling. Whatever panic Will had was now this tingle in his heart. He tried not to think about Hannibal. In an attempt to distract himself, he tried to work on the chain before grabbing one of the books that Hannibal had left on the table. Nothing could satiate his worries.

Six turned to eight hours. Will had accepted his fate. The chain was still looped around his ankle, nothing seemed to break it. Will had lost his appetite hours ago. The food on the table disgusted him as it reminded the profiler of Hannibal. While Will had seemed to accept his slow and excruciating death, his mind kept offering him hope. Hope that made Will think about the good memories he has made. The worse part was that Hannibal seemed to be included in those memories.

Jack and Alana popped into his mind. They must have given up their search for Will seeing as there was no indication that the RIpper kept his victims alive. Oh… Beverly. When Will met Beverly for the first time, she too showed an interest in how WIll’s mind worked but there was something different. Rather than looking at the profiler like some sort of alien, she saw Will as a weird person who had a great love for dogs and coffee. She saw him as a person and regardless of how caring Alana is, she saw Will as some specimen to include in her articles. Beverly invited him for coffee and made sure to make Will comfortable as possible, even if she used her quirky ways to do it.

Will wondered how Beverly took the news. There's no doubt they suspect Will ran away with Hannibal. Will hoped that Beverly knew him enough to know that Will wouldn’t do such a thing. Even if he did, he would never abandon his dogs like that.

This led the profiler to remember his dogs. Thinking about them brought tears to his eyes. He never thought he would have to say goodbye to them so quickly. Then again, he never really got to say goodbye.

All of this reminiscing left Will feeling so empty.

Eight hours turned into 12 hours. Half a day since Hannibal bid farewell. He wasn't coming back. Will couldn't help but sob terribly when he thought about his incoming death. Throughout his life, Will always pondered about how he would die. Will always assumed it would be due to his horrible self-care or by the hands of some serial killer he was working on. Part of him was satisfied that he guessed right. Instead of lying on the floor, Will had now curled up against the wall, his head against his knees. Part of him wanted to speed up his death, maybe dunk his head into the sink, feel the water in his lungs.

The room was beyond saving. Wood chips were scattered across the floor and Will felt the sharp prick of splinters on the soles of his feet. The curtains were pulled to the ground when Will tried to wrap them around his neck. The sheets were also thrown across the room. The medicine cabinet was left open and all the items inside lay on the floor.

The overthinking and thoughts of death had exhausted Will. He had begun to doze off, the panic partially subsiding. Just as he succumbed to the bliss of sleep, the sound of the door jiggling reached Will's ears. He ignored it. He knew Hannibal wasn't coming back and this was just some pathetic trick his mind had conjured up. Will wasn't a stranger to hallucinations.

Will heard his hallucination call his name. Lies. He didn't bother lifting his head as he addressed his hallucination. "It's not going to work. I know he isn't coming back." Will slurred as he held back a sob. Will expected the hallucination to simply keep on calling his name. What he didn't expect was to feel hands on his shoulders. This startled him, causing Will to look up. Staring back at him was Hannibal, a twisted expression his face.

He came back.

Hannibal watched as the shock washed off the profiler's face, promptly replaced by overwhelming emotion. One that Hannibal couldn't read. It was a mixture of relief and grief. Two emotions that didn't belong with each other. The doctor didn't hesitate to pull Will into his arms, embracing him as Will let out the most heartbreaking cries he had ever heard.

Hannibal hadn't meant to take so long. He had gone intending to get some groceries and pick up the passports he had ordered. As he had met up to collect the passports, the man had decided that the bounty offered by the FBI was much better than whatever money Hannibal had offered. Attempting to capture Hannibal and bring him to the FBI, the man had brought some of his lackeys. Getting rid of the lackeys and the man wasn't the problem. The problem was managing to evade the FBI roadblocks that had been set everywhere.

Hannibal had to lay low, waiting for hours until the roadblocks has been lifted. He hadn't expected them to take 10 hours. All while Hannibal was hiding, he kept on thinking about Will. He just hoped the young man wouldn't do anything rash. All while driving back to the house, Hannibal kept feeling an immense dread in his heart. That dread intensified a

thousandfold when he entered the house. It was quiet and Hannibal didn't bother to switch on the lights as he rushed upstairs. Unlocking the bedroom door, he took in the state of the room. Everything was scattered across the floor. It was so messy that he nearly missed the huddled figure that lay on the floor.

As Hannibal called out Will's name, he could feel his heart shatter at the sound of Will's defeated voice. Will sounded like he had given up. Like there was nothing left to live for. Wil had assumed that Hannibal was a figment of his imagination. The only way to convince Will was to make contact with him. Hannibal reached over and touched the profiler's shoulders, watching as Will faced him. Hannibal didn't bother masking the concern on his face as he watched Will's expression.

He held Will as the profiler cried into Hannibal's shirt. Letting him cry, Hannibal muttered soothing words as he rubbed Will's back. After a few minutes, Will pulled back, wiping the tears with the sleeves of his sweater. He was attempting to speak but Will kept trying to calm his breath.

"I'm here now," Hannibal whispered, trying to get Will to match his breathing, Hannibal hadn't expected his disappearance to affect Will to this extent.

"I-I thought you weren't coming back," Will whispered back. Taking a deep breath in, Will continued. "I thought you had left me to die. That you had forgotten about me."

Hannibal couldn't stop the tears that had flooded his eyes. He was grateful that the room was dark so Will wouldn't see him cry. "Oh, Mylimasis, I could only forget you if the specks of your soul got lost in the mystery that is time and even then, I would piece you back speck by speck to the utmost perfection of a human you are."

Whatever emotion Will was feeling was quickly taken over by embarrassment and the feeling of being loved. He could feel his cheeks heat up and he hid his face behind his hands. That embarrassment shifted from being about Hannibal's flowery words to the state of the room and his little mood swing. Not only had Will ruined the room, but he had also gone and ruined Hannibal's shirt with his tears. He also felt silly about going into a whole spiral.

"How are you feeling?" Hannibal asked as he brushed a curl from Will's forehead. "I imagine your day must not have been as satisfying as I had hoped."

"Sorry about the room," Will muttered.

Hannibal merely 'tsked' at Will's words. "Nothing that cannot be replaced. I'm asking about you, not the room or anything else."

"I'm fine," Will replied, as he wiped his face again.

Hannibal stood up before he lent his hand for Will to stand up. Will accepted it as he lifted himself. Will didn't want to look at the mess he had made so he opted to stare at his toes. Hannibal on the other hand scanned the room, taking note of the food that was left untouched and the way the bedpost had been destroyed. He also noticed how the curtains had been

pulled down. When he noticed the curtain, Hannibal turned to face Will. noticing the slight bruising that was peaking out the neckline of the sweater.

“Why don’t we have something to eat?” Hannibal asked before he bent down to uncuff Will’s leg. Ignoring the dumbfounded look on Will, Hannibal took the man's hand before leading him out of the room.

The Corpses' Comfort

Somewhere in Baltimore…

The Head of the BSU watched as they put all the corpses into body bags. Once again, the Chesapeake Ripper had just escaped his hands. Agent Crawford had to fight the urge to kick his foot into the wall. Not only does he have to face the media about this gruesome kill, but he will also have to remind himself that he had just missed the Ripper. Usually, he would have more details on the kills but unfortunately, Will was no longer with him.

“Is it him?” Crawford asked, his voice dangerously low. Part of him didn’t want him to hear the answer.

“There was some blood left on one wall. We’re testing it against the data but from the looks of things… it could be him.” Price spoke as he handed some photographs to Crawford. “We’re waiting on Zeller and Beverly to confirm everything back at the lab.”

There was no doubt in Crawford’s mind that it was Lecter. When he had gone to Will’s house that day, he had expected to see the profiler asleep or purposefully ignoring his phone. There had been other times when Jack had been to Will’s house, wanting to see if the profiler was doing well. What Jack hadn’t expected to see was to see Hannibal Lecter’s car.

Jack couldn’t help but feel suspicious. Slowly walking into the house, Jack watched as Hannibal stuffed Will’s clothes into a carry before placing the profiler’s phone and gun on the table. It was then that Jack noticed the store-bought dog food on the floor. Jack knew Will would never feed his dogs the store-bought kind, When he was about to announce his presence, he found a plate flying to his face.

From what he knew, Lecter wasn’t the type to be aggressive but Jack’s flight or fight instinct kicked in as he reached for his gun. There wasn’t a doubt that Jack had chosen to fight. “Dr. Lecter?”

Instead of answering, Hannibal merely threw objects at Jack before lunging towards him. Surprised, Jack was tackled to the floor, his gun flying beneath a cupboard. The dogs in the other room barked madly as the two men wrestled on the floor. Hannibal had gotten the upper hand as he knocked the agent unconscious.

When Jack woke up again, the room was empty. The dogs were lying around him, one of them, a brown dog that looked like a mix of a border collie and a German shepherd, was sniffing Jack’s head. Jack had seen that dog with Will every time he visited. Groaning his pain, Jack clutched his shoulder before searching the entire house. Once he found no trace of Will or Hannibal, Jack ran outside and called out for Will. With no sign of the profiler, Jack reached into his pocket before calling the last number he had called. His face grimaced, the horrible realisation dawning upon Jack.

“Alana.” Jack breathed out. “The Ripper’s taken Will.”

Unknown Location.

Will didn't know how to react. He had spent most his day trying to get the cuff off his leg and Hannibal just does it for him. Will kept quiet and let Hannibal lead him. Part of the profiler feared that if he made any sound, Hannibal would change his mind and lock Will back up in the room. Once they had reached the bottom of the stairs, Hannibal began walking to the kitchen. This was Will's first time in the kitchen and it looked awfully similar to the one Hannibal had in his other house. The one where he didn't keep Will chained to the bedroom.

While in the bedroom. Will couldn't see Hannibal's face very well. Now that he was under the artificial light, the profiler could see scratches and bruises on the doctor's face. He also noticed the slight limp Hannibal had when he walked over to the counter. Pulling out one of the kitchen island chairs, Hannibal gestured for Will to take a seat. Once again without questioning it, Will sat down. He watched as Hannibal walked over to the fridge and pulled out different vegetables.

"What happened?" Will asked as Hannibal began washing the vegetables. While Will had an inkling what might have happened, he still wanted Hannibal to confirm it.

"I was thinking of making Ratatouille," Hannibal replied, making no move to answer Will's question. The profiler watched as Hannibal moved to one drawer and pulled out a knife. Part of Will didn't enjoy seeing Hannibal with weapons but he decided not to say anything. "Usually paired with meat but I shall abstain from that for your sake."

"You're injured." Will tried again.

Hannibal didn't feel like talking about the day's events. He knew Will must be curious. Instead of completely ignoring the question, Hannibal knew he should, by the very least, give some vague details. "I thought I could trust someone with a job but they ended up calling the FBI. I had to wait till they got rid of the roadblocks before I could head back."

Once Will heard this, he nodded. He hadn't expected Hannibal to answer seeing as how he tried to brush off the question. They had fallen into a comfortable silence. Hannibal proceeded to cut the vegetables while Will watched from where he sat. Usually, back when Will didn't know about Hannibal's 'activities', he helped Hannibal with chopping the vegetables. Will understood that this wasn't possible now. Hannibal probably didn't trust Will with a knife. Will couldn't trust himself with a knife as well.

"I'm going to trust you and leave you in the kitchen while I go clean up," Hannibal spoke as he was wiping his hands. This startled Will. They had been basking in silence for quite some time and if someone were to speak, Will never expected this. "Can I trust you?"

Will didn't know how to answer. While he wanted to leave and get back to his dogs, back to his normal life, there was a small part of him that desperately ached for Hannibal's company. The doctor provided something that no one else, not even his dogs, could offer. Not wanting to take too long to answer, Will simply nodded.

Hannibal lingered for a few seconds longer before walking out of the kitchen. Will could hear Hannibal walk up the stairs. The profiler was really tempted to run to the door and leave but

he didn’t. Instead, he got down from the chair and searched the cabinets for a glass. All that crying and attempts to break the chain left Will exhausted. While there were water bottles in the room, Will was prepared to die. Drinking water wasn’t on his mind. Now that he was calm, his body kept signalling he is probably dehydrated.

Within a few minutes, Will had found the glasses, and he grabbed one of them. It was like the ones Hannibal had in his other house. Filling it up with the fancy-looking water filter, Will walked back to his chair and gulped the whole glass in one go. The house was quiet. The only sound came from the oven that emitted a soft hum.

Sitting there for a few more minutes, Will decided to place the glass in the sink. Just as he stood up, he felt the air shift behind him. Turning around, he stared directly into Hannibal's eyes. While Will tried not to show it, his heart nearly skipped a beat at the sudden appearance. Acting like nothing happened, Will continued towards the sink.

“You never cease to amaze me, Will,” Hannibal spoke, a smile on his face as he walked towards the oven. Will merely acknowledged his words with a soft hum. “You had ample time to find a weapon and plan your escape but you didn’t.”

“I thought you didn’t want me to resist,” Will replied as he sat back in his seat.

“A little resistance now and then can be exciting,” Hannibal answered. He was now wearing a black sweater, his face slightly bruised.

“Because what's life without a little excitement?” Will asked rhetorically but with Hannibal, no question is rhetoric.

“Bland.”

“I doubt I’ll be able to overpower you,” Will replied as he drew random lines on the cool countertop. He stared directly at Hannibal before continuing. “You’ve demonstrated your physical prowess many times before.”

“You underestimate your strength and willpower, my dear Will,” Hannibal stated as he too stared at Will. The kitchen was getting too quiet. The atmosphere was unbearably thick.

“I thought I was supposed to be the fine piece of china Uncle Jack kept away,” Will retorted, a humourless smile on his face. Will was referencing the first conversation they shared over a meal. Just as Will finished his sentence, Hannibal chuckled, amusement evident on his face.

“Ah yes,” Hannibal's lips quirked into a smile. “You should understand that you’re more than just a teacup.” Hannibal answered, popping the ‘p’.

Just as Will was about to reply, the loud ‘ding’ of the oven interrupted them. While Hannibal tended to the dish, Will fumbled with his fingers. He wasn’t sure what to do as Hannibal started plating. Usually, Hannibal would let him set the table but that wasn’t an option here. Will couldn’t help but zone out, his mind wandering to random places. This is one reason why Will preferred to be doing something all the time. While sometimes Will preferred silence, there were times when his mind would walk into dark places. Places Will had no

plans on visiting soon. Snapping out of his thoughts, Will accepted the plate that Hannibal placed in front of him. The profiler, however, made no move to eat. He simply watched as Hannibal began to eat.

"You have had nothing for the entire day," Hannibal spoke as he chewed on his food. "Eat."

At that, Will picked up his fork. He had a very important question to ask but Will didn't feel like he was ready to gear the answer. Stabbing a piece of vegetable, Will took a bite. As always, the food was excellent. Nothing to complain about that. Instead of starting a conversation, Will studied the different scratches that littered Hannibal's face.

"You seem to have something on your mind," Hannibal commented, wiping the side of his lip with the napkin. "It's quite visible on your face."

"I have a question but I fear the answer," Will answered. Will wasn't in the mood to have a conversation but felt he shouldn't leave Hannibal unanswered.

"Ask me when you no longer fear the answer." Hannibal shifted in his seat, slight discomfort clear in his expression. "I'll be happy to answer regardless of how long it takes."

"You're gonna be waiting for a long time," Will muttered as he turned to face his plate. He was nearly done. With his hunger satiated and mind comforted, he could feel the exhaustion creeping up on him. He didn't want to go to sleep knowing that Hannibal would put that damn chain on his leg again. It's been days since Will has moved freely. He would not rush back into being chained.

"There was something Jack always told me," Will spoke, his eyes glancing at Hannibal.

"And what is that?"

"That I'd bury myself too deep and all I will have is what the corpses that plague my mind offer," Will answered with a grimace on his face. He remembers that conversation clearly. He had just finished giving Jack some insight into a scene. All the officers that surrounded him watched as Will narrated the horrible details. It made Jack want to gag but after seeing the unaffected look on Will's face, he uttered out that very line.

"And what do those corpses offer?" Hannibal asked as he ffinished his meal.

"Understanding."

Hannibal hummed at Will's answer before picking up the plates and placing them in the sink. "I apologise. I did not prepare any sort of dessert but I can always offer some fruit." Hannibal suggested but Will merely shook his head.

"I'm fine," Will answered.

"If you insist," Hannibal replied as he let the dishes soak. Hannibal returned to his seat and opted to make eye contact with Will. The profiler suspected Hannibal wanted to continue the conversation but Will didn't know what to say.

The house was quiet. Will wanted to maintain it. In a different circumstance, he actually preferred this type of silence when with Hannibal. Now, it only meant that there was something left unsaid. Something lingering in the air and Will couldn't help but fear it.

"We'll be leaving in two days," Hannibal said breaking the silence. "We shall be flying to Florence."

"Florence?" Will couldn't help but question.

"Yes," Hannibal answered. "It's where I lived before coming to America. I'm certain that you would love it there."

"How can you be so sure?" Will asked, a small part of him breaking at the new plan. If he leaves for Florence, any chance of Jack finding him would vanish.

"I just know."

They stayed up for a few more minutes before Hannibal suggested going to bed. While Will insisted he go back to his room, Hannibal had no plans on listening. He ushered Will into the room where Hannibal slept.

"There's no use replacing everything since we will be leaving," Hannibal explained as he handed Will some night clothes. Accepting the clothes, Will walked into the bathroom and got changed. The profiler had gotten a glimpse of his face in the mirror. He looked horrible. His eyes were slightly puffy from all the crying and he looked like a ghost who hadn't slept in a millennium.

Opting to avoid the mirror for the rest of the time, Will quickly changed his clothes. After washing his face and cleaning up, he walked out to find Hannibal on a phone call.

Hannibal lifted his hand, gesturing for Will to be quiet as Hannibal spoke into the phone. Unfortunately for Will, Hannibal spoke in what seemed like Italian. Will could understand a word or two but other than that, he was clueless. Sure, Will knew other languages, he just never focused on Italian.

Pausing in his step, Will stood there awkwardly as Hannibal continued his conversation. They were talking about trains and something else. That's all Will could get from the conversation. Fiddling with the loose curl that was dangling on the side of his neck, Will waited for Hannibal to finish his conversation.

Within a few minutes, Hannibal finished his conversation. Sighing loudly, he placed the phone on the bedside table before turning to Will. "I apologise for that."

"That's fine," Will brushed it off as he walked towards the bed. Hannibal also got onto the bed and settled against the head of the bed.

This was awkward. This would be the second day he would share a bed with Hannibal. Last night's incident was based on impulse, he hadn't wanted to sleep alone. Brushing off his hesitancy, Will got under the covers and laid his head on the pillows. The bed smelled like

Hannibal. Everything smelled like Hannibal, the doctor's cologne laced on all of his belongings.

"If you feel uncomfortable, I can always move to the couch," Hannibal offered as he closed his book.

Turning to face the doctor, Will shook his head. He then shifted on the bed to make himself comfortable.

"Let us get some sleep," Hannibal spoke before placing the book on the table. He then switched off the light. Complete darkness shrouded the room instantly. Neither of them moved for a long time but none of them were asleep. Will simply stared at the rough outline of Hannibal while the latter stared at the ceiling.

“Do you consider me one of your corpses?” Hannibal whispered. It was loud enough for Will to hear.

“Yes,” Will whispered back.

“And do I offer comfort?”

“Unfortunately, you do,” Will answered before closing his eyes.

Underwater Eucalyptus

"WAKE UP!"

Will snapped his eyes open as he jerked into a sitting position. Realising that it was a nightmare, Will tried to gather his bearings and control his breathing. Beads of sweat rolled down Will's forehead as he inhaled sharply. There was a sharp ringing in his head and there was a loud pounding against his skull like he had just downed a barrel of whiskey. He hasn't had a drop of alcohol since his realisation at Hannibal's place. As the thought of Hannibal entered his mind, Will looked to the side and found the doctor asleep. His face was buried against the pillow but still managed to look composed even in his sleep. Usually, Hannibal would awaken at the slightest movement but his confrontation with the FBI had drained the doctor into a deep sleep.

Once he had calmed himself, Will closed his eyes and imagined wading into the calm stream. With the nightmare still lingering in the back of his mind, Will decided to wash his face. Trying his best to keep quiet, Will slowly slithered off the bed and planted his feet on the floor. The cool wood provided a bit of relief and grounding. The clock showed that it was 2: 38am.

Just as Will was about to walk into the bathroom, a soft blinking light on the nightstand caught his attention. The phone. Hannibal had not locked it in his drawer. Almost frozen in his place, Will's mind rushed through all the different situations that can take place within the next five minutes. He could try and call for help. He can hide it and use it later when he has the chance. No. That wouldn't work. Hannibal would notice that it was missing. Will could also forget he ever saw the phone and go back to sleep. A part of him ached to go back to sleep. To lie in bed with the devil. Yet, there was this righteous, more daring part of him that was desperate for an escape.

Making up his mind, Will slowly creeped up towards the nightstand and grabbed the phone. Without wasting any more time, the profiler quickly walked into the bathroom, flicking the light on before locking the door. The sound of the lock being turned was awfully loud. Loud enough to disturb Hannibal from his sleep.

"Will?" Hannibal called out as he pushed himself from the pillow.

Hearing Hannibal's voice, Will started panicking as he switched the phone on. "In the bathroom."

"Is everything alright?"

"Yeah," Will answered back as he started calling the first number that came to his mind. Beverly. With his breath quickening in fear and adrenaline, Will hopefully listened to the ringing sound as he prayed for Beverly to pick up. Pick up. Pick up. Please. Please. In order to not arouse any suspicion, Will flushed the toilet before turning the faucet on. The flow of water slightly muffled the ringing. Leaning against a small cabinet, Will desperately awaited the voice of his friend.

While Hannibal heard the sound of the faucet, something nagged at the back of the doctor's brain. Looking over to the nightstand, Hannibal distinctly remembered leaving his phone there. Now, all that was left was a candle stand. Realising his mistake, Hannibal lunged out of bed and towards the bathroom door. “Open the door, Will.”

Knowing he had gotten caught, Will softly cursed as he rushed to barricade the door with the tiny cabinet. Will jumped at the loud bang against the door. He knew he didn’t have a lot of time. Just as he was about to hang up, there was a slight click and the sound of Beverly’s voice reached Will’s ears.

“Hello?”

“Beverly, I don’t have much time.” Will quickly spoke, not bothering to whisper since Hannibal already knew. Instead of telling her that he’s alright, which he won’t be once Hannibal gets in, Will decided to list out everything that would help the FBi find them. There was a jingle of keys from the otherside of the door telling Will that Hannibal was so close to getting in. Will quickly rammed his body against the cabinet. “Somewhere in Virginia, surrounded by woods. Big house. Gravel on the driveway. Find me. Please.”

“Will, open the door if you want whats good for you,” Hannibal threatened from the otherside of the door. He had managed to unlock the door but with the cabinet and Will’s weight against the door, the doctor struggled to open the door properly.

“Will? Will?” The sound of Jack’s panicked voice blurted out of the phone’s speaker. “We need more details. Will, I’m- we’re going to find you.”

“Oh god,” Will yelped as he flinched away from the door. It was nice to hear the sound of Jack's voice as it meant that Hannibal had not hurt him too badly. The angered voice of Hannibal caused the profiler’s blood to run cold. “I don’t know where I am. Track the phone or something. He plans to go abroad.”

The door flung open as Hannibal entered the bathroom, rage painted vividly on his face. Will hasn’t seen Hannibal like this before. Not even when the profiler had tried escaping before. The force of the door being opened pushed Will away where his hip harshly collided against the edge of the ceramic sink. Falling to the floor, Will grunted in pain before he tried to scurry away from Hannibal. “Hannibal, no. Wait.”

“Where is he planning to-” Beverly’s voice was cut off as Hannibal grabbed the phone from Will’s grip and smashed it against the linoleum tile. Bits and pieces of the device flew across the floor as Hannibal stared down at Will. He looked beyond furious and Will knew something horrible was about to happen. Unfortunately, Will was too distracted to tell Beverly that Hannibal planned on going to Florence. Instead of looking at Hannibal, Will shut his eyes and braced for whatever fury he would have to endure.

Blood boiling beneath his skin, Hannibal stared at Will’s crippled form before lifting the profiler by the collar and slamming him against the bathroom wall. Hannibal simply stared at Will for a moment. Hannibal ignored the pained yelp Will let out and used his free hand to open the tap to the tub.

Letting the tub fill at its own pace, Hannibal pushed his forearm against the profiler's throat. Applying clinical pressure, Hannibal merely watched as Will's face scrunched in discomfort and pain.

"Open your eyes, Will," Hannibal seethed. When Will didn't heed, Hannibal increased the pressure on the man's throat. "Look at me."

With hesitance, Will opened his eyes to stare directly at Hannibal's disappointed face.

Reducing some of the pressure on Will's throat, Hannibal sighed heavily. "And things were going so well."

"I th-thought you wanted me to resist," Will stuttered out as he reached out to claw at the grip Hannibal had on him. It was a pathetic response and Will would have fared better if he kept quiet but the stubborn, more resilient part of him kept going on. "That it was exciting."

"I didn't expect you to take my words literally," Hannibal answered back as he looked at the tub. It was almost full. "Why don't you take a bath?"

The sudden question startled Will as he stared at Hannibal. Opening his mouth, Will immediately closed it as he didn't know how to respond.

"It'll help soothe you and calm yourself." Hannibal added as he reached in the cabinet and pulled out some fragrant oils and shampoo. Bubbles slowly covered the surface of the water, the smell of eucalyptus and lavender filling the air. Closing faucet, Hannibal turned to face Will. "I shall step out for a minute. Do get into the tub."

Hannibal made a move towards the door before he walked out, he turned to face Will. "I don't want to have to strip you of your clothes so I suggest that you do that yourself."

After subtly reminding Will not to cross Hannibal any further, Hannibal walked out. Grabbing the side of his torso, Will lifted himself up before slowly removing the clothes on his body. Once he was done, Will carefully slipped into the tub, the warm water immediately soothing the pain he was feeling.

Sinking deeper, Will slowed his eyes as he took deep breaths in. Shaking him out of his peaceful stupor, Will snapped his eyes open as Hannibal walked back in. Grateful for the bubbles, Will tried his best not to show just how uncomfortable he was.

Hannibal placed some clothes on the counter before folding the sleeves of his pyjamas. "Let me help you."

Before Will could utter out any protest, Hannibal already grabbed a cup and started pouring water on Will's head. Deciding not to anger Hannibal with his protests, Will kept quiet as he let water down his face. He hadn't had a hair cut in a while. Will had been meaning to cut his hair but he was so distracted by the Ripper's crime scenes that the thought slipped his mind. Now, his curls had grown wild, going as far as to tickle the back of Will's neck.

The water weighed Will's hair down, reminding Hannibal of a wet puppy. Placing the cup down, Hannibal poured a substantial amount of shampoo on his palm before lathering it on Will's scalp. The doctor's experienced fingers ran across Will's head, massaging and combing through the profiler's hair.

While Will would have enjoyed such pampering before the whole incident, there seemed to be an unspoken threat lingering in the air. Hannibal's fingers felt like thorns on his scalp, scraping his skin and tugging on his hair. Closing his eyes, Will tried to drift from the scene. Before he knew it, the soft hands that massaged his head tightened, gripping his hair in a tight clench. Just as Will opened his mouth to voice out his discomfort, the hands pushed Will's head down, forcing him underwater.

Will wasn't prepared for this, his lungs not equipped with enough oxygen. The water entered through his nose, burning his airways. The profiler's hands flew up in an attempt to remove Hannibal's hands but his attempts were futile.

Hannibal kept Will's head down, regardless of the yells and thrashing. It was inevitable. He had been too kind towards Will. Will has to learn what the consequences to his disobedience might lead to. After a few seconds, Hannibal pulled Will up, watching as the man coughed out water. His eyes were red and he kept hyperventilating.

"This is what happens when you cross the line, my dear Will." Hannibal whispered as he brushed the wet hair from Will's eyes. Not allowing Will to compose himself, Hannibal dunked Will's head back into the water. The only sounds audible were the water hitting the sides of the tub and Will's muffled groans. Hannibal knew not to keep Will underwater too long. Bringing the profiler back to the surface, Hannibal ran his hand along Will's back in what was supposed to be soothing circles but for Will, it was like rubbing sandpaper on his skin.

Will had accidentally inhaled more water, his lungs screaming at the foreign intrusion. He tried his best to sputter out some pleas but his voice betrayed him. His eyes burned from the water. He couldn't feel the tears sliding down his face, meshing together with the water in the tub.

Hannibal continued to repeat the process of shoving Will underwater for a few more times. Once Hannibal was sure that Will got the message, he dried his hands before handing Will a towel. "Change into warmer clothes and come out."

The profiler struggled to keep up with Hannibal as he heaved out more water. Hannibal simply walked out, not paying Will anymore attention. Once Will had calmed himself down and gotten rid of the pounding in his head, he slowly climbed out. He tried his best to stop his legs from shaking.

Wrapping himself in the towel, Will stood there, listening to see if Hannibal was in the other room. He could hear the doctor pacing around, his frustration and anger shrouding the room and its surroundings.

As Will got dressed, he knew he couldn't take comfort in the bathroom forever. Wiping whatever tears left on his face, Will mentally, and physically, braced himself. Slowly, caution

laced in his actions, Will walked out of the bathroom. The bedroom was much colder than the bathroom leaving goosebumps on Will's skin.

Hannibal stood near the bed, his arms crossed and his face as neutral as possible. Instead of sneaking glances at Will, Hannibal was staring directly at the profiler, contemplating the next best action. He could see the fear in Will's eyes more prominently than before. Whatever rapport they had built within the past few days had been destroyed. Deep within Hannibal's mind, a part of him doubted his actions. He shouldn't have been too rough with Will. After all, it is the innate human nature to want to escape. Then again, he needed to show Will that crossing Hannibal would not be beneficial to him. Maybe, this would teach him that Hannibal is willing to go above and beyond to keep Will.

"I do hope you understand the reasoning behind my actions," Hannibal voiced out, his voice void of any sympathy.

Will didn't answer back. In fact, he didn't even acknowledge Hannibal's words. The only thing running in his mind was that Hannibal was in control. No matter how caring Hannibal may be, if he feels like- No. When he feels like it, all Hannibal has to do is snap Will's neck and all Will can do is bare his neck in compliance. Will hoped that he had given Beverly and Jack some insight as to where Hannibal might be keeping him.

BSU Lab in Quantico.

Beverly sighed as the lab results came back. “It’s confirmed. The blood on the wall does belong to Hannibal Lecter.” It was currently 2 am and everyone was still in the lab, awaiting Jack’s next instructions.

Unfortunately for them, Jack was stumped as everyone else. No one had even voiced about going home because this was the first kind of activity they have heard from Lecter since he attacked Jack at Will’s place. Even though Zeller and Price never showed it, they too cared about Will and his kidnapping has put everyone on edge. Beverly seemed to be worried the most as she never left Lecter's house and office, scouring the place for some sort of evidence that might point to the dog lover’s whereabouts.

“Something we already established from the crimescene hours ago.” Price voiced out as he slumped against the counter.

“There didn’t seem to be any evidence that Will was with him,” Zeller offered as he placed multiple cups of coffee on the counter. “Then again, I doubt Lecter would take Will everywhere he went.”

“We need to find out where he is hiding,” Jack announced as he walked in. The bags under his eyes showed that he hasn’t had proper sleep in ages. “Did the search for Lecter’s other properties come up? Is there any sign of them being lived in recently?”

“The agents are keeping tabs on all of the properties under Lecter’s name. No sign of activity yet.” Beverly answered as she stifled a yawn. “We even sent out a few agents to that cabin Will keeps disappearing off to. Not a soul.”

“From what we do know, they haven’t left the country.” Zeller mentioned as he looked over some files.

“Don’t forget that the crime scene belonged to some Russian named Ivan Volkov. He had a warrant out for forgery and fraud.” Price added. “I bet Lecter was there to collect passports or some other forged document. Their database was wiped clean for me to gather any other information.”

“Is the cabin the only other property registered under Will’s name?” Jack asked as he grabbed a cup of coffee and chugged it.

“Just the cabin and the house.” Beverly answered. She walked over and handed Jack the file. “Will had a savings account where he deposited his money. He does donate every month to the local animal rescue but those are the major money transactions under Will’s name.”

“Animal rescue,” Jack muttered under his breath.

“Of course.” Zeller chuckled as he remembered just how much Will cared for dogs. “I’m surprised he isn’t a vet or an owner of a dog compound.”

“He already is with the amou-” Beverly started before she got interrupted by the shrill ringing of her cellphone. “Who the hell calls at 2am.”

It was an unknown number and Beverly didn’t hesitate to answer. “Hello.”

For some reason, everyone in the room seemed interested in the phone call as they not so subtly watched Beverly. Beverly expected to hear the voice of some tired FBI agent telling them that the results from the crime scene were done being processed. What she didn’t expect to hear was Will’s panicked voice.

“Beverly, I don’t have much time.” Will’s panicked voice cut through the speaker. With no hesitation, Beverly put the phone on speaker, allowing everyone in the room to hear. “Somewhere in Virginia, surrounded by woods. Big house. Gravel on the driveway. Find me. Please.”

At the sound of Will’s voice, Jack jumped into action as he rushed towards Beverly. Price got closer to the phone as Zeller ran to the nearest computer to try and track the call. The sound of Lecter’s muffled voice made everyone’s blood run cold. They had never heard Hannibal raise his voice.

“Will? Will?” Jack called out as he snatched the phone from a very still Beverly. “We need more details. Will, I’m- we’re going to find you.” Jack couldn’t help but flinch when he heard loud bangs from where Will was.

“Oh god,” Will yelped from the otherside. “I don’t know where I am. Track the phone or something. He plans to go abroad.”

“I can’t track him. He’s calling from a disposable cell with an encrypted sim card.” Zeller yelled in frustration, his eyes furrowed in worry.

They were all helpless while Will showed signs of being genuinely afraid for his life. If Lecter does take Will out of the country, finding them would be impossible. The banging indicated that the profiler had locked Lecter out of the room but that didn't mean it would contain the doctor for long. The sound of a door opening and Will's pleading had Beverly near tears. "Where is he planning to-"

Before Beverly could finish her question, the line went dead as an eerie silence filled the room. Lecter had got in and now Will was done for. Trembling, Beverly started cursing as Jack ran his hand along his face.

"I couldn't trace the call." Zeller whispered but everyone heard it.

Instead of giving up, Jack took a deep breath in. "Okay. Will gave us some details. Zeller, check all the large properties near the Virginia woods that have a gravel driveway. Run background checks on all the owners. Lecter probably used an alias."

Turning to face Beverly, Jack offered her a look of comfort before barking out more instructions. "Go to Lecter's home and search for any indication as to where he might go. Check drawings, check journals. He wouldn't go some place unfamiliar."

"Price, I need you to send out pictures of Will and Hannibal to all police stations, checkpoints, airports and ports. In no way will we let Lecter out of the country." Jack ordered before he walked out the room. "And someone get Bloom and Chilton on the line."

Peace of Mind

Jack Crawford's Office.

“And where are we with the properties?” Jack voiced out on the phone as he filled out some needed documents. His office was a mess, with papers lying everywhere as coffee cups littered the place. “I need that list stat.”

The entire office went quiet, the only sounds audible were the scratching of a pen, muffled voices from a conversation that was going on outside the office and the soft ticking of the clock. Just as Crawford placed the phone on the table, a knock resonated in the otherwise quiet office. Instead of using full words, Jack merely grunted, signalling the visitor, or visitors, to come in.

“I don't see the need to invite Chilton to whatever you have to say,” the voice of Alana Bloom interrupted the silence in the office. She looked worse for wear. The eye bags under her eyes indicated that sleep wasn’t her friend. Other than that, Alana looked exactly the same. Her clothes were neatly ironed and not a single hair was out of place. She stormed into the office, her heels clacking against the soft carpet. “He only makes things worse.”

“While Graham and I didn’t get along,” the unsettling voice of Chilton followed. “I do care about his safety. I will try my utmost best to ensure that Lecter is caught and Will be brought back unharmed.”

“Please,” Alana huffed, her voice not hiding her exasperation. “You merely wanted to profit off Will and hated how he declined all your attempts.”

“This is not the time for fighting,” Crawford interrupted as he gestured for the two doctors to sit. “It’s clear we all share the same objective. Bringing Will back. There's been an advancement.”

“I heard about the crime scene,” Alana spoke as she took her seat. She shifted uncomfortably before speaking again. "It's clear that Hannibal was behind it."

"Not that but yes, Lecter's blood was found there," Jack replied as he shut the file he was working on and handed the two doctors another file. " A few hours ago at around 2.45 am today, Katz got a phone call."

"So you called us at the crack of dawn to discuss phone calls that one of your agents gets?" Chilton interrupted, a mocking jeer on his face.

"Let me finish," Jack added as he felt his already thin patience get thinner. "The call was from Will. He had managed to snag a phone from Lecter. From what we heard, Lecter had found out about the phone call but before the line went dead, we got some crucial information about Lecter’s hiding place and his future plans."

"Is Will alright?" Alana asked as she moved to the edge of her seat. She didn't bother masking the worry in her voice. Even Chilton had gotten quiet, listening to what Jack had to say.

"Lecter didn't seem too happy when he found out," Jack admitted before taking a deep breath. "He kept Will for this long. I doubt he'll do too much harm now."

"How close are you to finding the place Graham described?" Chilton asked as he leaned against the chair Alana was seated in. "I doubt Lecter will stay there for long now that the place might be compromised."

"We have one day to find them. Maybe less." Jack replied as he stood up to hand over a file of what they had so far.

"Why's that?" Alana asked, her eyebrows furrowing with equal parts of worry and confusion.

"According to Will, Lecter plans on travelling abroad. Where? We never got to that part." Jack explained.

A thick silence shrouded the room as everything let reality settle in. Jack was beating himself over the fact that he had lost one of his best profilers and let the Ripper slip through his fingers. Alana felt an immense amount of guilt. She was the one who introduced Hannibal to Will. Not only does that make it her fault, but Hannibal's charm and charisma also blinded her to actually notice what was going on. Chilton, on the other hand, was here mostly to get content for his new book. After hearing about Lecter's true nature, Chilton didn't waste any time in offering his support to the FBI in an attempt to get all the necessary details.

While Jack knew Chilton had ulterior motives, he had no choice but to pretend to be oblivious. Sure, Chilton was a sleazy and pathetic man but he is one of the best in his field.

"Have you ever considered the possibility that Graham might be in on it?" Chilton voiced out. It was a mistake because it was the moment all hell broke loose.

Alana wasted no time in voicing out her side while Jack attempted to break the heated argument.

"How dare you say such a thing," Alana seethed, her cheeks rosy from the anger she was feeling. No one was seated anymore. Jack had a look of defeat as he was too exhausted to deal with this. Chilton simply was ready to defend his opinions.

"Well, we both know just how close Lecter and Graham were," Chilton stated as he waved his hand nonchalantly. "Some would say they surpassed the boundaries of doctor and patient…. Maybe even friends."

"You pathetic little man," Alana fumed as she pointed a finger right in front of Clinton's face. "You have no idea what Will might be going through. All you care about is that damn book of yours."

"Now, now Dr. Bloom." Chilton chided as a smug smile replaced his previous expression. "Someone might think that you surpassed boundaries like Graham."

That was the breaking point. Jack was too sleep-deprived to react on time as Alana firmly slapped Chilton in the face. The room quietened as everyone, even Alana, shared a look of shock on their face.

Jack stood there, awfully surprised that Alana could do such a thing. Alana stood there, upset that she let Chilton get to her like that. Chilton stood there, the stinging pain and the incident shocking him to the core.

"There was no need for you to say such things," Jack offered as he placed a hand on Chilton's shoulder. "Will seemed genuinely frightened for his life but we aren't excluding the possibility that Will might be an accomplice."

"Jack," Alana whispered in betrayal.

"I'm sorry, Alana," Jack answered. "We can't look past anything. We're looking into every possible aspect to make sure we find them."

Staring at Jack for a few more seconds, Alana quickly stormed out, slamming the door to express her feelings. Chilton lingered for a few more minutes before shamelessly walking out. He had to make sure the slap didn't bruise.

Sighing out loud, Jack rubbed his face before sinking into his seat. Just as he decided to go home, his computer beeped indicating that the results from the lab were back.

Somewhere in Virginia.

Hannibal hadn't gotten a wink of sleep. While Will got under the covers without any hesitation, it was clear that he hadn't slept at all as well. Neither of them could sleep. Not when the relationship they took time to build shattered within a few minutes.

Just as the clock struck 7 a.m., Hannibal rose from his position before quietly getting out of bed. Hannibal knew that Will was wide awake, but he also knew that Will would want some time alone.

Wordlessly, Hannibal began preparing for the day. He started by packing up their essentials. On his way back from the mishap with Volkov, Hannibal called Chiyoh and asked her to prepare everything in Florence. Now that Will had disclosed certain information, travelling to Florence right away would be quite risky. They would have to improvise their plans now.

They wouldn't have to pack much. Just the essentials. Hannibal was ready to just take Will and leave. The FBI has surely increased their pace in searching for their lost profiler. With the new information that Will had disclosed, the FBI must be reeling in adrenaline.

Whipping up a quick breakfast, Hannibal assembled everything onto a tray before making his way back to his bedroom. Before entering, Hannibal listened for any signs of movement before briefly knocking on the door. After receiving no reply, Hannibal opened the door and

entered. Will hadn't gotten out of bed yet. Instead, he had taken refuge under the mound of blankets and pillows. Hannibal wouldn't have known that Will was under there if not for the tuft of soft curls that peeked from a gap in the blanket.

"I brought you breakfast," Hannibal spoke as he placed the tray on the nightstand. "Try and eat something."

From how the blankets shifted, Hannibal knew Will was awake but the doctor made no move to comment on it. Instead, Hannibal walked right out and closed the door.

And that's what they did for the rest of the day. Hannibal brought up lunch before going about his business. He used this time to ensure that they could leave at the earliest. He packed a few clothes, other essential items and their passports. Hannibal then spent the rest of his day burning anything that would lead the FBI to their doorsteps. All drawings, journals, and articles had to go.

Just like that, the entire whizzed through. Hannibal was now cooking dinner. A simple Sesame grilled Salmon. Will was still reluctant to try any meat so it was either vegetables or a very recognisable fish.

Plating everything neatly on a tray, Hannibal began his ascent to the bedroom. Once again knocking, Hannibal entered the room. The doctor had expected to see Will still in bed like the previous times but Will was seated on a neatly arranged bed. His arm draped over his torso. The blankets were folded and placed in the corner while the pillows were arranged.

In addition to that, Will has changed clothes. He now wore a sweater that belonged to Hannibal and a pair of sweatpants that Hannibal hadn't had the chance to wear. It was more like he avoided wearing it.

"Will. It's nice to see you awake and about," Hannibal started as he smiled. He couldn't help but notice how the trays from earlier still had the food from before. It was quite clear that Will felt uncomfortable with Hannibal in the room but no matter. Will would just have to overcome his problems if they were to continue.

“Sesame grilled Salmon,” Hannibal announced as he placed the tray on the bed. Will merely glanced at it before staring back at Hannibal.

After receiving no reply from Will, Hannibal sighed before taking a seat on the bed. Was Will expecting an apology? Hannibal wasn’t the type to apologise if he wasn't in the wrong. Yes, he may have acted impulsively with the punishment but it was all to teach Will. Had Will not done such a thing, Hannibal wouldn’t have had to resort to such measures.

“Do eat,” Hannibal pushed the tray closer to Will. “If the silence is a way of punishing me, try not to punish yourself by starving.”

Will tensed up at Hannibal’s words before regaining his composure. “I fear I might say something wrong if I were to speak,” Will said, his voice raspy from not using it all day and the actions of Hannibal the night before.

“There’s nothing to fear when you’re with me.”

“There’s you,” Will replied before taking the tray and eating bits of it. Hannibal noticed the pained grimace Will made when he reached over to grab the tray. It was then that Hannibal remembered the way Will clutched his hip several times.

“I do not take pleasure in harming you, Will,” Hannibal stated as he frowned. There was a slight bruising around Will's neck, the dark reddish-purple contrasting heavily against Will's otherwise pale skin. “Now, you know not to cross me.”

Hannibal watched as Will continued eating. Hannibal left his food downstairs. It would be better to give Will space. After all, they would be leaving tomorrow morning. Hannibal did want to tell Will about the plans but decided not to. Knowing Will, he might try to do something if he finds out.

“Eat and get some rest,” Hannibal advised before he made his way towards the door. Hannibal glanced at Will once more. "I'll be back to tend to any injuries you might have sustained."

Will tensed for the second time as he watched Hannibal's eyes fall onto his neck and then his hip. He watched as the doctor walked out before placing the tray away and laying back on the bed.

Everything was just frustrating. Things couldn't go back to normal now. There would always be that tension lingering that made Will want to retch his stomach out. Now that Hannibal was coming back to attend to the wounds he inflicted, Will's discomfort only increased a tenfold. Throughout the course of the day, Will came to the realisation that his presence was preventing Hannibal from taking comfort in his bedroom.

Feeling slightly guilty about that, Will began arranging everything as a way to compensate for the guilt. There was no reason to feel guilty. After all, Hannibal was the one keeping Will here. It wasn't like Will was here out of his own will.

Sighing out loud, Will carefully lifted himself back into a sitting position. The strenuous pressure on his torso tore through him like a knife but he had to endure. Getting back to his meal, Will quickly finished his dinner. It would be awkward to still be eating when Hannibal would be done. That is if he had dinner downstairs.

The days Hannibal would accompany Will in the bedroom for meals, Will could sense that it went beyond Hannibal's principles. It's uncivilised to have all three meals inside your room but Hannibal was willing to look past it and that only left Will more confused.

It was nice to hear from Jack and Beverly. The fact that they were together at 2 a.m. suggested that they were probably still at Quantico. Will couldn't help but feel bad. They were probably staying up that late because of his disappearance. Will hoped that whatever information he gave them would help them find him soon. From what Will can tell, Hannibal would not waste time in preparing for their departure.

Stuck in the depths of his mind, Will was harshly interrupted by the sharp knocking on the door. Not bothering to voice out anything, Will simply watched as Hannibal entered the room with a small bag. He had this neutral look on his face.

Will merely gulped in anticipation as he placed his tray on the nightstand. Clasping his hands together, Will tried his best not to scoot away when Hannibal sat down on the bed. There was that horrible feeling lingering in the air. The kind that made the room suffocating.

Hannibal pulled out a small tub of what Will assumed to be a salve. Hannibal then pulled some other things like bandages and alcohol wipes. Hannibal motioned Will to come to the edge of the bed as Hannibal stood up.

"Come closer," Hannibal beckoned and frowned when Will hesitated. "I'm sure that there is some discomfort but I simply aim to help you. Now, William, come closer."

Letting out a shaky exhale, Will slowly moved towards Hannibal, opting to fold his legs. Hannibal gestured to his neck making Will slowly tilt it, allowing Hannibal access. The movement caused Will to furrow his eyebrows in slight discomfort. Within seconds, Hannibal was placing his hand all over Will's neck, gently massaging the bruised area.

"It would be better for you to remove your sweater," Hannibal suggested as he tried his best to get a good angle at Will's bruise. "It would help me gain better access."

"I don't want to." Will protested as he felt his heart beat faster.

"Please, Will." Hannibal pleaded, his eyes glistened with some emotion. "I wasn't asking."

Hands shaking, Will grabbed the bottom of his-no wait- Hannibal's sweater. For a moment, he hesitated before releasing the sweater. Will then reached the neckline of the sweater and pulled it along his shoulder, exposing the upper part of his chest. The sweater was big enough as it was thrice his size. It slid off his shoulder with ease.

“That works as well,” Hannibal commented before placing his hands on Will.

Will had expected Hannibal's hands to be quite cold, but they were quite the opposite. Warm and inviting unlike the last time he had his hands on Will's neck. Hannibal took a little of the slave and started rubbing it against Will's neck.

"My own creation," Hannibal mentioned as he worked the salve onto Will's skin. "It's a blend of herbs that have been medically proven to reduce the irritation on the skin and works miracles for bruises."

Will tried his best to drown out his surroundings while Hannibal continued to massage the slave into his skin. Before all of this, Will liked it when Hannibal placed his hands on him. Those fleeting moments of contact brought comfort. He couldn't say the same now. The soft and comforting hand now felt like acid on his skin.

Hannibal noticed the distant look on Will's face but he continued to massage Will's neck. After a few more minutes of massaging, Hannibal withdrew his hands, watching as Will

blinked several times.

Before Will could mutter out a quick 'thanks' and scoot back, Hannibal held Will's shoulder in place.

"Your hip?"

"I'm fine." Will brushed Hannibal's hand off as he tried to lift the sweater back in place.

"I am not blind, Will," Hannibal voiced as he refused to let Will go. "I see you grimacing in pain when you move. Let me inspect it."

Trying his best to move Hannibal's iron grip on his shoulder, Will struggled to move back. "It's nothing major. It'll go away on its own."

"For your safety and some peace of mind, allow me to simply inspect and do what's necessary." Hannibal persisted as he pushed Will down onto the bed.

Surprised by the sudden action, Will yelped as he used his legs to push away from Hannibal but it was futile. With swift movements, Hannibal had straddled Will and was now pressing the profiler back by the chest. Hannibal sat on Will's knees, his weight rendering Will's legs useless.

"I can make this easier for both of us," Hannibal suggested, sighing in defeat when the profiler showed no signs of surrendering.

Ignoring the protests that left Will's lips, Hannibal used his skilled hands to pull down Will's pants just a bit. Just enough to expose the ugly bruise that covered half of Will's torso. It wasn't easy to inspect the extent of the injury when Will kept squirming beneath him.

"Hannibal, please," Will pleaded as he couldn't stop tearing up. The tears were from the pain he was feeling and the situation. Hannibal could do anything at this moment and Will wouldn't be able to stop him.

"Alright," Hannibal interjected. "How about we come to a compromise?"

At Hannibal's words, Will paused for a moment.

"I'll give you the salve so you can apply it yourself. I just want it treated as soon as possible to minimise the pain you're feeling." Hannibal explained as he watched the profiler consider his choice. "How does that sound?"

Will didn't hesitate in voicing out his choice. "Okay. Please get off me."

Within seconds, Hannibal was standing on the side of the bed, his hand slightly messed up from the whole interaction. Will lay there for a few more seconds, his chest heaving in heavy pants.

Lifting himself into a sitting position, Will accepted the tiny container and applied the salve onto his hip. The pressure from his finger caused Will to hiss, but he kept on applying

pressure. The salve caused his skin to burn slightly, but it helped alleviate some of the pain. It wasn't much, but it was better than nothing.

"Good," Hannibal commented as he took the salve from Will. Will quickly lifted his pants back up and scooted well away from Hannibal.

The room fell quiet as both individuals decided it would be best to leave things as they were. Hannibal walked out while Will waited till Hannibal was gone to run into the bathroom. Hannibal grabbed the tray and the bag before walking out of the room. Closing the door behind him, Will gripped the sink as he resisted the urge to puke out his meals.

Letting out shaky exhales, Will let the tears flow freely as he swallowed the sobs that threatened to escape. After spending an adequate amount of time crying, Will held his head under the faucet before cleaning up. By the time he had reached the bed, Hannibal was nowhere to be seen. Will preferred that as he didn't want to see Hannibal at the moment. Not wanting to delve deeper into the incident, forced himself to sleep, the exhaustion and stress making it very easy for him to do so.

Orange Juice and Panic Attacks

When Will woke up, he didn't wake up on his own accord. Instead, he was awoken when cold hands laid upon his cheek. Jolting awake, Will found himself staring into the dark eyes of Hannibal. Immediately sitting up, Will tried to blink his eyes into focus. Will took in his surroundings to find Hannibal fully dressed in a more casual clothing. More casual than Hannibal's usual outside clothing. Rather than the expensive three-piece suit that Hannibal opted to wear, Hannibal now wore simply black pants with a dark blue dress shirt, the sleeves folded at the elbows.

"I need you to get dressed," Hannibal spoke softly, as if talking to some feeble doe.

"Dressed?" Will repeated as he looked around to find some clothes laying at the foot of the bed. They were too nice to be inside clothes. It was then that Will's sleep riddled mind put things together. "We're leaving?"

Hannibal nodded as he helped Will get out of bed. "We leave in an hour, giving you ample to get dressed and have some breakfast."

Trembling at the thought of leaving, Will nodded with hesitation before taking the clothes and walking into the bathroom. The broken lock on the door reminded Will of the horrible After having a shower and cleaning himself, Will put on the clothes Hannibal gave him. Looking into the mirror, Will assessed his appearance. He didn't look that bad. His skin looked paler than ever, dark purple bruises peeking out of the dark green turtle neck that Hannibal had chosen. The green deeply contrasted his skin and complemented his eyes. His hair had grown out of control, curls resting on Will's forehead, tickling the back of his ears every time he moved.

Closing his eyes for a few minutes, Will focused on his breathing. He focused on how he could feel the cold air fill his lungs and the expanding of his ribcage. He desperately tried to tune out the loud thoughts that threatened to take over his mind. Too consumed in this peaceful state, Will was startled when he heard a knock.
"Will?"

"Coming," Will called out as he quickly made a move to open the door. He found Hannibal standing there, two files in his hand. Will tried to look away when he noticed Hannibal's eyes roamed the full length of his body. Will licked his lips before walking past Hannibal and running his hand through his hair.

"Come have breakfast with me," Hannibal spoke, his hand resting on the door knob. Instead of fighting, Will followed Hannibal. The two of them wordlessly made their way downstairs.

Will eyed the two travel bags that lay on the floor of the living room. He tried not to delve too much into what he saw as he was too busy trying to control his panting. Stepping foot into the kitchen, Will zoned out as he quietly ate his breakfast.

Hannibal had noticed the distant look on Will's face. It was quite clear that the profiler was battling something in the depths of his mind. While Hannibal would usually detest the idea of tainting food- his food, with a sedative, he had no choice. Instead of adding the tranquilliser into the food, Hannibal opted to lace the water with a strong dose of Midazolam. It would take some time till the tranquilliser kicks in. Ample time to get Will into the vehicle.

Once they had finished their breakfast, Hannibal decided that now would be the best time to talk. Nudging the glass of water closer to Will, Hannibal started to speak. "I assume you know what will be happening?"

"I've come up with different answers for that," Will replied after drinking half of the glass. It was clear that Hannibal wasn't being discreet about their plans for the day. Will wasn't even sure why he asked. Then again, it's Hannibal. There are times when there is no method to his madness.

"A friend of mine will be assisting us in escaping the country. All we have to do is meet her in North Carolina." Hannibal continued as he picked up the plates and left them in the sink. "We shall then be travelling to Cuba."

"What about Florence?" Will asked, his heart skipping a beat at the sudden change in plans. While Will never got to specifically tell Jack where Hannibal would be taking him, he knew Jack would scour Hannibal's things and find out locations that are connected to Hannibal. From what Will knew about Hannibal, he left his sketchbook filled with different places in Florence. This would at least hint Jack in that direction. There was nothing linking Hannibal to Cuba.

"In due time," Hannibal said as he walked out of the room. Not leaving time for Will to think, Hannibal entered the room, holding a pair of black leather shoes and some socks. "Finish your water and put these on for me. I shall be in the living room."

Accepting the shoes, Will drank the rest of the water before quickly putting the shoes on before walking into the living room. Hannibal was already putting on his coat, fully ready to leave. "Your coat."

Hannibal handed him a dark grey trench coat before picking up the bags. "Follow me."

"What about the house?" Will asked as he watched Hannibal lock the door.

"The FBI must be close by," Hannibal explained, loading the bags into the car before turning to Will. "They'll find the house sooner or later so there's no use in tidying up."

After hearing that the FBI must be close, a spark of hope, something that had been extinguished, relit. Of course, Will had given Jack ample details that would lead the FBI to the area where they are now. It was only a matter of time before they find the house. All Will had to do was ensure that he stay here long enough. A horrible, yet impulsive plan formed in the depths of Will's mind. Waiting till Hannibal turned to face the car, Will dropped the trenchcoat in his hand and sprinted towards the vast woods.

Will could hear Hannibal call out for him. He could also hear Hannibal run after him but Will didn't dare look back. Instead, he focused on not tripping on the foliage and other things that lay on the forest floor. Panting heavily, Will jumped over a log and continued running. It was quite difficult to increase his speed because of his clothes and the panic that was clouding his mind but he kept on.

Behind him, Hannibal was fuming. The doctor should have realised that Will would have tried to escape. After all, it is within the human nature to try and escape. The clothes Hannibal chose for Will and himself made it quite difficult to run but Will seemed to be getting by.

After a few minutes of running, Will's lungs were on fire. After weeks of not receiving proper exercise, Will's body had grown so weak that even a bit of running took quite a heavy toll. For some unknown reason, Will found his movements turn sluggish. Blaming it on the weeks of being sedentary, Wil continued. Too focused on his breathing, Will didn't see the root that was peeking out of the ground. Tripping on the root, Will tumbled onto a patch of grass. Before Will could get back up, Hannibal was on him, restraining Will down.

"Stop struggling," Hannibal gritted out as Will thrashed under him.

"HELP," Will yelled out, hoping that someone was nearby. "I NEED HEL-"

Before Will could finish his sentence, Hannibal placed a gloved hand over Will's mouth, effectively muffling out the profiler's words. Trying his best to get the hand off his mouth, Will started hitting Hannibal, his position making it hard for Will to do any real damage. Will knew he should stop when Hannibal's eyes started to darken but for some reason, he couldn't stop. He had to stop when Hannibal used his other hand to grip Will's wrist tight. So tight to the point that Will's paused all movement.

"Do yourself a favour, Will," Hannibal breathed, the grip on Will's wrist tightening as a threat. "I have no intention of hurting you any further."

Whimpering against the glove, Will tried his best to breathe in but failed to do so. All attempts to escape had been futile. After they get to this friend, any chances of escaping would be out of the window. Once they get to Cuba, Will would be stranded in a different country and escaping would be useless. The reality was setting in. He could also feel a panic attack incoming. Trying to get air in through his nose, Will struggled to take a deep breath in. His lungs were shrinking and Will was getting lightheaded.

Hannibal knew Will was having a panic attack. The way the profiler's eyes widened and the way he was struggling to breathe were all indicators. Hannibal knew that he should let Will go so the younger man could calm down. The only problem was that if Will decided to scream again, the neighbours that were less than 10 minutes away might hear them and Hannibal wasn't too keen on getting blood on his clothes. They were slightly messed up from all the running. Instead, Hannibal kept his hand on Will's mouth, watching as the profiler continued to struggle. As expected, within a few minutes, Will stopped thrashing, his movement slowing. The tranquilliser was starting to work and it would be better to have Will inside the vehicle before he passed out.

Hannibal removed his hand and lifted the profiler up. Finally able to breathe, Will gasped in the air hungrily. Black spots danced across his vision as Hannibal held on tightly. He couldn't resist when Hannibal started taking him towards the car. Almost tripping, Will would have fallen in not for Hannibal's grip on his shoulder.

"I cannot blame you for trying to escape," Hannibal spoke as he shoved Will into the vehicle, rushing to the other side and quickly getting in. "But I thought you would know better."

Placing the trench coat on top of Will, Hannibal started the car. "I had laced your water with a tranquilliser. If things go well, the next time you wake up, we'll be in Cuba."

Will's face twisted into an expression of betrayal as he finally pierced out why Hannibal had been insisting on the glass of water. Cursing himself for being so stupid, Will found himself fighting the urge to cry. Instead of replying, Will turned to face the window, trying his very best to conceal the tears that threatened to escape. After all, he no longer had a choice but to listen to Hannibal.

Will watched as they passed the trees, his eyes growing heavy with every second. The last thing on Will's mind before he passed out was that Hannibal was going to be there forever.

End Notes

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